

MADAN'S
JUVENAL AND PERSIUS

LIT. AND TRANSLATED

AMERICAN EDITION.

PA6447
E5M17

108-9

2

Theological Seminary.

PRINCETON, N. J.

Part of the
ADDISON ALEXANDER LIBRARY
which was presented by
MESSRS. R. L. AND A. STUART.

Case, Division..PA644.7

Shelf, Section...E.5M17

Book, No.



Decimus Junius Juvenalis

JUVENAL AND PERSIUS;

LITERALLY TRANSLATED,

BY THE REV. M. MADAN.

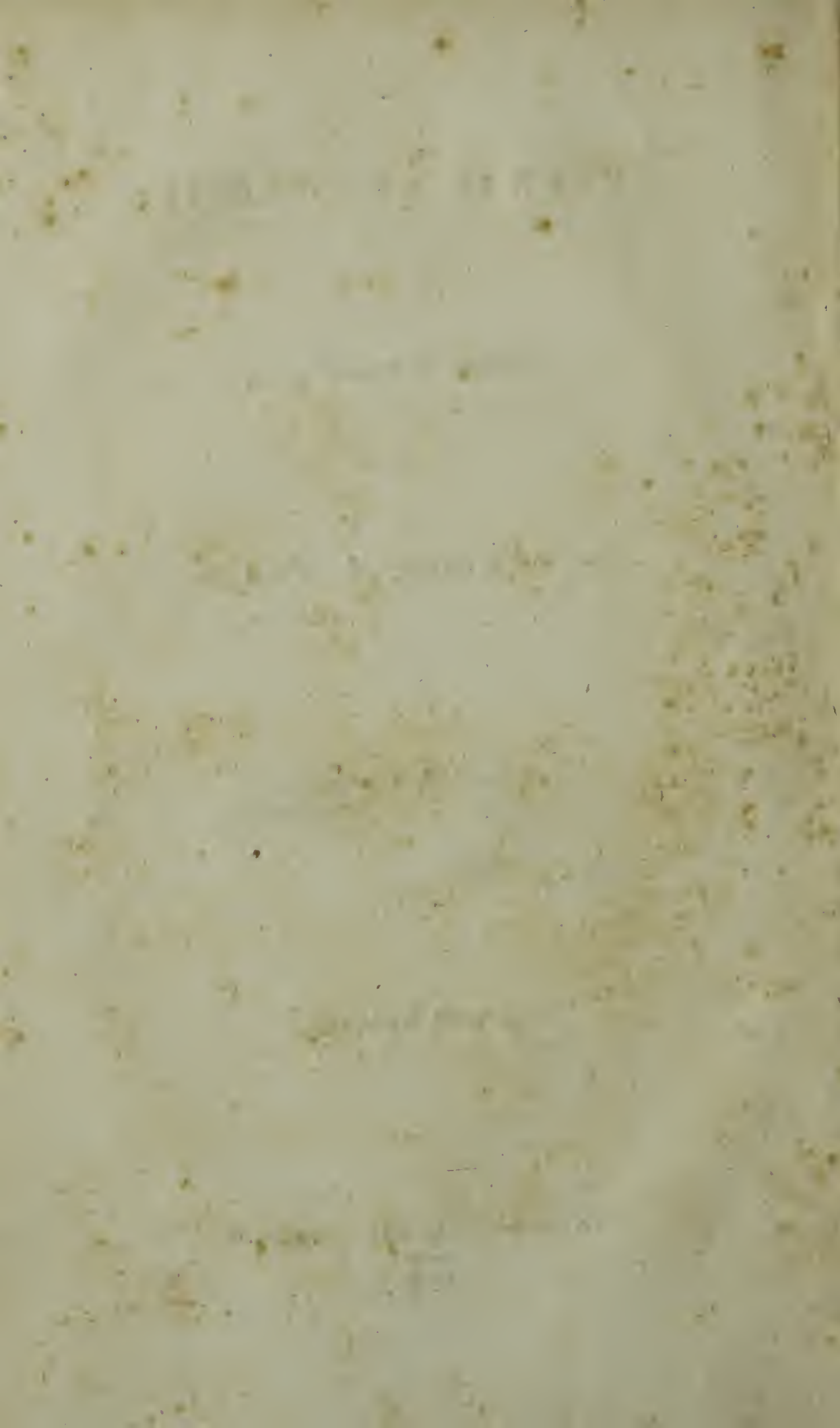
Ardet...Instat...Aperte jugulat.

SCAL. in Juv.

IN ONE VOLUME.

PRINCETON: GEORGE THOMPSON.

1850.



PREFACE TO JUVENAL.

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENAL was born at Aquinum, a town of the Volsci, a people of Latium: hence, from the place of his birth, he was called Aquinas. It is not certain whether he was the *son*, or foster-child, of a rich freedman. He had a learned education, and in the time of Claudius Nero, pleaded causes with great reputation. About his middle age he applied himself to the study of *Poetry*; and, as he saw a daily increase of vice and folly, he addicted himself to writing *Satire*: but, having said something (sat. vii. l. 88—92,) which was deemed a reflection on Paris the actor, a minion of Domitian's, he was banished into Egypt, at *eighty years of age, under pretence of sending him as *captain* of a company of soldiers. This was looked upon as a sort of humours punishment for what he had said, in making Paris the bestower of posts in the army.

However, Domitian dying soon after, Juvenal returned to Rome, and is said to have lived there to the times† of Nerva and Trajan. At last, worn out with old age, he expired in a fit of coughing.

He was a man of excellent morals, of an elegant taste and judgment, a fast friend to virtue, and an irreconcilable enemy to vice in every shape.

As a writer, his style is unrivalled, in point of elegance and beauty, by any Satirist that we are acquainted with, Horace not excepted. The plainness of his expressions are derived from the honesty and integrity of his own mind: his great aim was, "to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature; to shew *virtue* her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."‡ He meant not, therefore, to corrupt the mind, by openly describing the lewd practices of his countrymen, but to remove every veil, even of language itself, which could soften the features, or hide the full deformity of vice from the observation of his readers, and thus to strike the mind with due abhorrence of what he censures.

* *Quanquam Octogenarius.* MARSHALL, in *Vit. Juv.*

† *Ibique ad Nervæ et Trajani tempora supervixisse dicitur.* MARSHALL, *ib.*

‡ *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2.

All this is done in so masterly a way as to render him well worthy Scaliger's encomium, when he styles him *Omnium Satyricorum facile Princeps*. He was much loved and respected by Martial.* Quintilian speaks of him, *Inst. Orat.* lib. x. as the chief of Satirists. Ammianus Marcellinus says,† that some who did detest learning, did, notwithstanding, in their most profound retiredness, diligently employ themselves in his works.

The attentive reader of Juvenal may see, as in a glass, a true portraiture of the Roman manners in his time: he may see, drawn to the life, a people sunk in sloth, luxury, and debauchery, and exhibiting to us the sad condition of human nature, when untaught by divine truth, and uninfluenced by a divine principle. However polite and refined this people was, with respect to the cultivation of letters, arts, and sciences, beyond the most barbarous nation, yet, as to the true Knowledge of God, they were upon a footing with the most uninformed of their cotemporaries, and consequently were, equally with them, sunk into all manner of wickedness and abomination. The description of the Gentiles in general, by St. Paul, Rom. i. 19—32. is fully verified as to the Romans in particular.

Juvenal may be look upon as one of those rare meteors, which shone forth even in the darkness of Heathenism. The mind and conscience of this great man were, though from ‡ whence he knew not, so far enlightened, as to perceive the ugliness of vice, and so influenced with a desire to reform it, as to make him, according to the light he had, a severe and able reprover, a powerful and diligent witness against the vices and follies of the people among which he lived; and, indeed, against all who, like them, give a loose to their depraved appetites, as if there were no other liberty to be sought after but the most unrestrained indulgence of vicious pleasures and gratifications.

How far Rome-Christian, possessed of divine revelation, is better than Heathen-Rome without it, is not for me to determine: but I fear, that the perusal of Juvenal will furnish us with too serious a reason to observe, that not only modern Rome, but every metropolis in the Christian world, as to the generality of its manners and pursuits, bears a most unhappy resemblance to the objects of the following Satires. They are, therefore, too applicable to the times in which we live, and, in that view, if rightly understood, may, perhaps, be serviceable to many, who will not come within the reach of higher instruction.

Bishop Burnet observes, that the "satirical poets, Horace,

* See MART. lib. vii. epig. 24.

† Hist. lib. xxviii.

‡ Rom. ii. 15. Comp. Is. xlv. 5. See sat. x. l. 363.

“Juvenal, and Persius, may contribute wonderfully to give a man a detestation of vice, and a contempt of the common methods of mankind; which they have set out in such true colours, that they must give a very generous sense to those who delight in reading them often.” *Past. Care*, c. vii.

This translation was begun some year ago, at hours of leisure, for the Editor's own amusement: when, on adding the notes as he went along, he found it useful to himself, he began to think that it might be so to others, if pursued to the end on the same plan. The work was carried on, till it increased to a considerable bulk. The edition of Persius enlarged it to its present size, in which it appears in print, with a design to add its assistance in explaining these difficult authors not only to school-boys and young beginners, but to numbers in a more advanced age, who, by having been thrown into various scenes of life, remote from classical improvement, have so far forgotten their Latin, as to render these elegant and instructive remains of antiquity almost inaccessible to their comprehension, however desirous they may be to renew their acquaintance with them.

As to the old objection, that translations of the Classics tend to make boys idle, this can never happen but through the fault of the master, in not properly watching over the method of their studies. A master should never suffer a boy to construe his lesson in the school, but from the Latin by itself, nor without making the boy parse, and give an account of every necessary word; this will drive him to his *grammar* and *dictionary*, near as much as if he had no translation at all: but in private, when the boy is preparing his lesson, a literal *translation*, and *explanatory notes*, so facilitate the right comprehension and understanding of the author's language, meaning, and design, as to imprint them with ease on the learner's mind, to form his taste, and to enable him not only to construe and explain, but to get those portions of the author by heart, which he is at certain periods to repeat at school, and which, if judiciously selected, he may find useful, as well as ornamental to him, all his life.

To this end I have considered that there are three purposes to be answered. First, that the reader should know *what* the author says; this can only be attained by *literal translation: as for poetical versions, which are so often miscalled translations, paraphrases, and the like, they are but ill calculated for this fundamental and necessary purpose.

* I trust that I shall not be reckoned guilty of inconsistency, if in some few passages I have made use of paraphrases, which I have so studiously avoided through the rest of the work, because the literal sense of *these* is better obscured than explained, especially to young minds.

They remind one of a performer on a musical instrument, who shews his skill by playing over a piece of music with so many variations, as to disguise almost entirely the original simple melody, inasmuch that the hearers depart as ignorant of the composer as they came.

All translators should transfer to themselves the directions which our Shakspeare gives to actors, at least, if they mean to assist the student, by helping him to the construction, that he may understand the language of the author. As the actor is not "to o'erstep the modesty of nature;" so a translator is not to o'erstep the simplicity of the text. As an actor is "not to speak more than is set down for him;" so a translator is not to exercise his own fancy, and let it loose into phrases and expressions, which are totally foreign from those of the author. He should therefore sacrifice vanity to usefulness, and forego the praise of elegant writing, for the utility of faithful translation.

The next thing to be considered, after knowing *what* the author says, is *how* he says it: this can only be learnt from the original itself, to which I refer the reader, by printing the Latin line for line, opposite to the English, and, as the lines are numbered, the eye will readily pass from the one to the other. The information which has been received from the translation, will readily assist in the grammatical construction.

The third particular, without which the reader would fall very short of understanding the author, is to know *what he means*; to explain this is the intention of the notes, for many of which I gratefully acknowledge myself chiefly indebted to various learned commentators, but who, having written in Latin, are almost out of the reach of those for whom this work is principally intended. Here and there I have selected some notes from English writers: this indeed the student might have done for himself; but I hope he will not take it amiss, that I have brought so many different commentators into one view, and saved much trouble to him, at the expence of my own labour. The rest of the notes, and those no inconsiderable number, perhaps the most, are my own, by which, if I have been happy enough to supply any deficiencies of others, I shall be glad.

Upon the whole, I am, from long observation, most perfectly convinced, that the early disgust, which, in too many instances, youth is apt to conceive against classical learning (so that the school-time is passed in a state of *labour and sorrow), arises

* "The books that we learn at school are generally laid aside, with this prejudice, that they were the labours as well as the sorrows of our childhood and edu-

mostly from the crabbed and difficult method of instruction, which are too often imposed upon them; and that therefore all attempts to reduce the number of the difficulties, which, like so many thorns, are laid in their way, and to* render the paths of instruction pleasant and easy, will encourage and invite their attention, even to the study of the most difficult authors, among the foremost of which we may rank Juvenal and Persius. Should the present publication be found to answer this end, not only to schoolboys, but to those also who would be glad to recover such a competent knowledge of the Latin tongue, as to encourage the renewal of their acquaintance with the Classics, (whose writings so richly contribute to ornament the higher and more polished walks in life, and which none but the ignorant and tasteless can undervalue,) it will afford the Editor an additional satisfaction. Still more, if it prove useful to foreigners; such I mean as are acquainted with the Latin, and wish to be helped in their study of the English language, which is now so much cultivated in many parts of Europe.

The religious reader will observe, that God, who “in times past suffered † all the nations (παντα τα εθνη, i. e. all the heathen) to walk in their own ways, nevertheless left not himself without witness,” not only by the outward manifestations of his power and goodness, in the works of creation and providence ‡ but by men also, who in their several generations, have so far shewn *the work of the law written in their hearts*, || as to bear testimony against the unrighteousness of the world in which they lived. Hence we find the great apostle of the Gentiles, Acts xvii. 28, quoting a passage from his countryman, Aratus of Cilicia, against idolatry, or imagining there be gods made with hands. We find the same apostle § reproving the vices of lying and gluttony in the Cretans, by a quotation from the Cretan poet Epimenides, whom he calls “a prophet of their own,” for they accounted their poets writers of divine oracles. Let this teach us to distinguish between the use and abuse of classical knowledge, when it tends to inform the judgment, to refine the manners, and to embellish the conversation; when it keeps a due subordination to that which is divine, makes us truly

“cation; but they are among the best of books: the Greek and Roman authors “have a spirit in them, a force both of thought and expression, that later ages “have not been able to imitate.” Bp. BURNET, Past. Care, cap. vii.

* Quod enim munus publicæ affere majus, meliusve possumus, quam si docemus atque erudimus juventutem? CIC. de Bivin. lib. ii. 2.

† See WHITBY on Acts xiv. 16. ‡ Comp. Rom. i. 19, 20. with Acts xiv. 17.

§ See Rom. ii. 15.

§ Tit. i. 12.

thankful of the superior light of God's infallible word, and teaches us how little can be truly known* by the wisest of men, without a divine revelation; then it has its use: still more, if it awakens in us a jealousy over ourselves, that we duly improve the superior light with which we are blessed, lest the very heathen rise in judgment against us.† If, on the contrary, it tends to make us proud, vain, and conceited, to rest in its attainments as the summit of wisdom and knowledge; if it contributes to harden the mind against superior information, or fills it with that sour pedantry which leads to the contempt of others; then I will readily allow, that all our learning is but "splendid ignorance and pompous folly."

* 1 Cor. i. 20, 21.

† Luke xii. 47, 48.

[We have given the whole of the Translator's Preface, although we have omitted his Notes, and the original. This selection is intended for students, who have copies of the original Latin, and who are not so much concerned with the manners or habits of the Romans, as with a literal rendering of the original.]

THE
SATIRES OF JUVENAL.

SATIRE I.

ARGUMENT.

Juvenal begins this satire with giving some humorous reasons for his writing; such as hearing, so often, many ill poets rehearse their works, and intending to repay them in kind. Next he informs us, why he addicts himself to satire, rather than to other poetry, and gives a summary and general view of the reigning vices and follies of his time. He laments the restraints which the satirists then lay under from a fear of punishment, and professes to treat of the dead, personating, under their names, certain living vicious characters. His great aim, in this, and in all his other satires, is to expose and reprove vice itself, however sanctified by custom, or dignified by the examples of the great.

Shall I always be only a hearer?—shall I never repay,
Who am teas'd so often with the Theseis of hoarse Codrus?
Shall one (poet) recite his comedies to me with impunity,
Another his elegies? shall bulky 'Telephus waste a day
With impunity? or Orestes—the margin of the whole book al-
ready full,
And written on the back too, nor as yet finished?
No man's house is better known to him, than to me
The grove of Mars, and the den of Vulcan near
The Æolian rocks: what the winds can do: what ghosts
Æacus may be tormenting: from whence another could con-
vey the gold
Of the stolen fleece: how great wild-ash trees Monychus could
throw:

The plane-trees of Fronto, and the convuls'd marbles complain
 Always, and the columns broken with the continual reader :
 You may expect the same things from the highest and from the
 least poet.

And I therefore have withdrawn my hand from the ferule :
 and I 15

Have given counsel to Sylla, that, a private man, soundly
 He should sleep. It is a foolish clemency, when every where
 so many

Poets you may meet, to spare paper, that will perish.
 But why it should please me rather to run along in the very
 field, 19

Through which the great pupil of Aurunca drave his horses,
 I will tell you, if you have leisure, and kindly hearken to my
 reason.

When a delicate eunuch can marry a wife : Mævia can stick
 A Tuscan boar, and hold hunting-spears with a naked breast :
 When one can vie with all the patricians in riches, 24
 Who clipping my beard troublesome to me a youth sounded :
 When a part of the commonalty of the Nile, when a slave of
 Canopus,

Crispinus, his shoulder recalling the Tyrian cloaks,
 Can ventilate the summer-gold on his sweating fingers,
 Nor can he bear the weight of a larger gem ;
 It is difficult not to write satire. For who can so endure 30

The wicked city—who is so insensible, as to contain himself?
 When the new litter of lawyer Matho comes
 Full of himself: and after him the secret accuser of a great friend,
 And who is soon about to seize from the devoured nobility
 What remains: whom Massa fears: whom with a gift 35
 Carus soothes, and Thymele sent privately from trembling La-
 tinus.

When they can remove you, who earn last wills
 By night, and whom the lust of some rich old woman
 (The best way of the highest success now-a-days) lift up into
 heaven.

Proculeius has a small pittance, Gillo has a large share : 40
 Every one takes his portion, as heir, according to the favour he
 procures :

Well let him receive the reward of his blood, and become as
 Pale, as one who hath pressed with his naked heels a snake,
 Or as a rhetorician, who is about to declaim at the altar of
 Lyons. 44

What shall I say?—With how great anger my dry liver burns,
 When here a spoiler of his pupil exposed to hire presses on the
 people

With flocks of attendants? and here condemned by a frivolous Judgment, (for what is infamy when money is safe?)

The exile Marius drinks from the eighth hour, and enjoys the Angry gods? but thou, vanquishing province, lamentest? ⁵⁰

Shall I not believe these things worthy the Venusian lamp?

Shall I not agitate these (subjects?)—but why rather Hera-
cleans,

Or Diomedean, or the lowing of the labyrinth,

And the sea stricken by a boy, and the flying artificer?

When the bawd can take the goods of the adulterer, (if of tak-
ing ⁵⁵

There is no right to the wife,) taught to look upon the ceiling,
Taught also at a cup to snore with a vigilant nose.

When he can think it right to hope for the charge of a cohort,
Who hath given his estate to stables, and lacks all ⁶⁰

The income of his ancestors, while he flies, with swift axle, over
The Flaminian way: for the boy Automedon was holding the
reins,

When he boasted himself to his cloaked mistress.

Doth it not like one to fill capacious waxen tablets in the
middle of a

Cross-way—when now can be carried on a sixth neck

(Here and there exposed, and in almost a naked chair, ⁶⁵

And much resembling the supine Mæcenæ)

A signer to what is false; who himself splendid and happy

Has made, with small tables, and with a wet gem?

A potent matron occurs, who soft Calenian wine

About to reach forth, her husband thirsting, mixes a toad, ⁷⁰

And, a better Locusta, instructs her rude neighbours,

Through fame and the people, to bring forth their black hus-
bands.

Dare something worthy the narrow Gyaræ, or a prison,

If you would be somebody. PROBITY IS PRAISED AND STARVES
WITH COLD.

To crimes they owe gardens, palaces, tables, ⁷⁵

Old silver, and a goat standing on the outside of cups.

Whom does the corrupter of a covetous daughter-in-law suffer
to sleep?

Whom base spouses, and the noble young adulterer?

If nature denies, indignation makes verse,

Such as it can: such as I, or Cluvenus. ⁸⁰

From the time that Deucalion (the showers lifting up the sea)

Ascended the mountain with his bark, and asked for lots,

And the soft stones by little and little grew warm with life,

And Pyrrha shewed to males naked damsels,

Whatever men do—desire, fear, anger, pleasure,
 Joys, discourse—is the composition of my little book.
 And when was there a more fruitful plenty of vices? when
 Has a greater bosom of avarice lain open? when the die
 These spirits?—they do not go, with purses accompanying,
 To the chance of the table, but a chest being put down is played
 for. 15
90

How many battles will you see there, the steward
 Armour-bearer! is it simple madness an hundred sestertia
 To lose, and not give a coat to a ragged servant?
 Who has erected so many villas? What ancestor on seven
 dishes

Has supped in secret? Now a little basket at the first
 Threshold is set, to be snatched by the gowned crowd.
 But he first inspects the face, and trembles, lest
 Put in the place of another you come, and ask in a false name.
 Acknowledged you will receive. He commands to be called by
 the crier 25

The very descendants of the Trojans; for even they molest the
 threshold 100

Together with us: "Give to the Prætor—then give to the Tri-
 bune."

But the libertine is first: I the first, says he, am here present.
 Why should I fear, or doubt to defend my place? altho'
 Born at the Euphrates, which the soft holes in my ear
 Prove, though I should deny it: but five houses 105
 Procure 400 (sestertia), what does the purple confer more
 To be wished for, if, in the field of Laurentum, Corvinus
 Keeps hired sheep? I possess more
 Than Pallas and the Licini: let the Tribunes, therefore, wait.
 Let riches prevail: nor let him yield to the sacred honour, 110
 Who lately came into this city with white feet:

Since among us the majesty of riches is
 Most sacred: altho', O baleful money! in a temple
 As yet thou dost not dwell, we have erected no altars of money,
 As Peace is worshipp'd, and Faith, Victory, Virtue, 115
 And Concord, which chatters with a visited nest.

But when the highest honour can compute, the year being
 finished,

What the sportula brings in, how much it adds to its accounts,
 What will the attendants do, to whom from hence is a gown,
 from hence a shoe, 120

And bread, and smoke of the house? A thick crowd of litters
 An hundred farthings seek; and the wife follows the husband,
 And, sick of pregnant, is led about.

This asks for the absent, cunning in a known art,
Shewing the empty and shut-up sedan instead of the wife. ¹²⁴
"It is my Galla," says he, "dismiss her quickly: do you delay?"
"Galla, put out your head"—"dont vex her—she is asleep."
The day itself is distinguished by a beautiful order of things:
The sportula, then the forum, and Apollo learned in the law,
And the triumphals; among which, an Egyptian, I know not
who,

Has dared to have titles: and an Arabian prefect; ¹³⁰
At whose image it is not right so much as to make water.
The old and tired clients go away from the vestibules,
And lay aside their wishes, altho' the man has had a very long
Expectation of a supper: pot-herbs for the wretches, and fire is
to be bought.

Meanwhile their lord will devour the best things of the woods,
and of the sea, ¹³⁵

And he only will lie on empty beds:
For from so many beautiful, and wide, and ancient dishes,
They devour patrimonies at one meal.
There will now be no parasite; but who will bear that
Filthiness of luxury? how great is the gullet, which, for itself,
puts ¹⁴⁰

Whole boars, an animal born for feasts?
Yet there is a present punishment, when you put off your
clothes,

Turgid, and carry an indigested peacock to the baths:
Hence sudden deaths, and intestate old age.

A new story, nor is it a sorrowful one, goes thro' all compa-
nies: ¹⁴⁵

A funeral, to be applauded by angry friends, is carried forth.
There will be nothing farther, which posterity can add
To our morals: those born after us will desire and do the same
things.

ALL VICE IS AT THE HEIGHT. Use sails,
Spread their whole bosoms open. Here, perhaps, you'll say—
"Whence ¹⁵⁰

"Is there genius equal to the matter? Whence that simplicity
"Of former (writers), of writing whatever they might like, with
"A burning mind, of which I dare not tell the name?
"What signifies it, whether Mutius might forgive what they
"said, or not?

"Set down Tigellinus, and you will shine in that torch, ¹⁵⁵
"In which standing they burn, who with fixed throat smoke;
"And you draw out a wide furrow in the midst of sand.
"Shall he, therefore, who gave wolf's bane to three uncles, be
"carried

"With pensile feathers, and from thence look down on us?"

"When he shall come opposite, restrain your lip with your
"finger—160

"There will be an accuser (of him) who shall say the word—

" 'That's he.' "

"Though, secure, Æneas and the fierce Rutilian

"You may match: smitten Achilles is grievous to none:

"Or Hylas much sought, and having followed his pitcher.

"As with a drawn sword, as often as Lucilius ardent 165

"Raged—the hearer reddens, who has a mind frigid

"With crimes; the bosom sweats with silent guilt:

"Hence anger and tears. Therefore first revolve, with thyself,

"These things in thy mind, before the trumpets; the helmeted

"late of a fight

"Repents." I'll try what may be allowed towards those, 170

Whose ashes are covered in the Flaminian and Latin way.

Dec 31 1856

SATIRE II.

ARGUMENT.

The poet, in this satire, inveighs against the hypocrisy of the philosophers and priests of his time—the effeminacy of military officers—and magistrates. Which corruption of manners, as well among them, as among others, and, more particularly, certain unnatural vices, he imputes to the atheism and infidelity which then prevailed among all ranks.

I COULD wish to my fly hence, beyond the Sauromatæ, and the icy

Ocean, as often as they dare any thing concerning morals,
Who feign (themselves) Curii, and live (like) Bacchanals.
First they are unlearned: tho' all things full with plaster
Of Chrysippus you may find: for the most perfect of these is,
If any one buys Aristotle like, or Pittacus,
And commands a book-case to keep original images of Cleanthes.
No credit to the countenance: for what street does not abound
With grave obscenes? dost thou reprove base (actions) when
thou art

A most noted practitioner among the Socratic catamites? 10

Rough limbs indeed, and hard bristles on the arms,
Promise a fierce mind: but evident effects of unnatural
Lewdness expose you to derision and contempt.
Talk is rare to them, and the fancy of keeping silence great,
And hair shorter than the eye-brow: therefore more truly, 15
And more ingenuously, Peribonius: him I to the fates
Impute, who in countenance and gait confesses his disease
'The simplicity of these is pitiable; these madness itself
Excuses: but worse are they who such things with words
Of Hercules attack, who talk of virtue, and indulge 20
'Themselves in horrid vice. Shall I fear thee, Sextus,
Says infamous Varillus, by how much (am I) worse than thou
art?

Let the straight deride the bandy-legged—the white the Ethiopian.

Who could have borne the Gracchi complaining about sedition? 24

Who would not mix heaven with earth, and the sea with heaven,
If a thief should displease Verres, or an homicide Milo?
If Clodius should accuse adulterers, Cati line Cethegus?

If three disciples should speak against the table of Sylla?
 Such was the adulterer lately polluted with a tragical
 Intrigue: who then was recalling laws, bitter 30
 To all, and even to be dreaded by Mars and Venus themselves:
 When Julia her fruitful womb from so many abortives
 Released, and poured forth lumps resembling her uncle.
 Do not therefore, justly and deservedly, the most vicious
 Despise the feigned Scauri, and being reproved, bite again? 35
 Laronia did not endure a certain sour one from among them
 Crying out so often, "Where is now the Julian law? dost thou
 "sleep?"

And thus smiling: "Happy times! which thee
 "Oppose to manners: now Rome may take shame:
 "A third Cato is fallen from Heaven:—but yet whence 40
 "Do you buy these perfumes which breathe from your rough
 "Neck? don't be ashamed to declare the master of the shop:
 "But if the statutes and laws are disturbed, the Scantinian
 "Ought before all to be stirred up. Consider first,
 "And examine the men: these do more things—but them 45
 "Number defends, and battalions joined with a buckler.
 "There is great concord among the effeminate: there will not
 "be any

"Example so detestable in our sex:
 "Trædia caresses not Cluvia, nor Flora Catulla:
 "Hippo assails youths, and in his turn is assailed. 50
 "Do we plead causes? the civil laws
 "Do we know? or with any noise do we make a stir in your
 "courts?

"A few wrestle, a few eat wrestlers' diet:
 "You card wool, and carry back in full baskets your finished
 "Fleeces; you the spindle, big with slender thread, 55
 "Better than Penelope do twist, and finer than Arachne,
 "As does a dirty harlot sitting on a log.

"It is known why Hister filled his will with only
 "His freedman; why alive he gave much to a wench:
 "She will be rich, who sleeps third in a large bed. 60
 "Do thou marry, and hush—secrets bestow gems.
 "After all this, a heavy sentence is passed against us:
 "Censure excuses ravens, and vexes doves."

Her, proclaiming things true and manifest, trembling fled
 The Stoicines—For what falsehood had Laronia [uttered]? 65

But what

Will not others do, when thou assumest transparent garments,
 O Creticus, and (the people wond'ring at this apparel) thou de-
 claimest

Against the Proculæ and Pollinen? Fabulla is an adulteress:
 Let Carfinia too be condemned if you please: such
 A gown, condemned, she'll not put on. "But July burns—⁷⁰
 "I'm very hot"—do your business naked: madness is less
 shameful.

Lo the habit! in which, thee promulgating statutes and laws,
 The people (with crude wounds just now victorious,
 And that mountain-vulgar with ploughs laid by) might hear.
 Whet would you not proclaim, if, on the body of a judge, those⁷⁵
 things

You should see? I ask, would transparent garments become a
 witness?

Sour and unsubdued, and master of liberty,
 O Creticus, you are transparent! contagion gave this stain,
 And will give it to more: as, in the fields, a whole herd,
 Fall by the scab and measles of one swine:⁸⁰

And a grape derives a blueness from a grape beholden.
 Sometime you'll venture something worse than this dress:
 Nobody was on a sudden most base. They will receive thee
 By little and little, who at home bind long fillets on
 Their foreheads, and have placed ornaments all over the⁸⁵
 neck,

And, with the belly of a tender sow, appease the good
 Goddess, and with a large goblet: but, by a perverted custom,
 Woman, driven far away, does not enter the threshold:
 The altar of the goddess is open to males only—"Go ye pro-
 "fane"—

Is cried aloud: with no horn here the female minstrel sounds.⁹¹
 Such orgies, with a secret torch, used

The Baptae, accustomed to weary the Cecropian Cotytto.
 One, his eyebrow, touched with wet soot,
 Lengthens with oblique needle, and paints, lifting them up, his
 trembling

Eyes; another drinks in a priapus made of glass,⁹⁵
 And fills a little golden net with a vast quantity of hair,
 Having put on blue female garments, or smooth white vests;
 And the servant swearing by the Juno of his master.

Another holds a looking-glass, the bearing of pathic Otho,
 The spoil of Auruncian Actor, in which he viewed himself¹⁰⁰
 Armed, when he commanded the banners to be taken up:
 A thing to be related in new annals, and in recent

History, a looking-glass the baggage of civil war!
 To kill Galba is doubtless the part of a great general,
 And to take care of the skin, the perseverance of the highest¹⁰⁵
 citizen.

In the field of Bedriacum to affect the spoil of the palace,
And to extend over the face bread squeezed with the fingers:
Which neither the quivered Semiramis in the Assyrian world,
Nor sad Cleopatra did in her Actiacan galley.

Here is no modesty in their discourse, or reverence of the
table: 110

Here, of filthy Cybele, and of speaking with broken voice,
The liberty; and an old fanatic, with white hair,
Chief priest of sacred things, a rare and memorable example
Of an ample throat, and a master to be hired.

But what do they wait for, for whom it is now high time, in the
Phrygian 115

Manner, to cut away with knives their superfluous flesh?

Gracchus gave 400 sestertia, a dower

To a horn-blower, or perhaps he had sounded with straight
brass,

The writings were signed: "Happily"—said:—a vast
Supper is set: the new-married lay in the husband's bosom.—
O ye nobles! have we occasion for a censor, or for a sooth-
sayer? 121

What! would you dread, and think them greater prodigies,
If a woman should produce a calf, or a cow a lamb?

Collars, and long habits, and wedding veils he takes,
Who carrying sacred things nodding with a secret rein, 125
Sweated with Mar's shields. O father of the city!

Whence so great wickedness to Latian shepherds? whence

Hath this nettle, O Gradivus, touched your descendants?

Behold a man, illustrious by family, and rich, is given to a man;
You neither shake your hemlet, nor with your spear smite the
earth, 130

Nor complain to the father!—Go therefore, and depart from the
acres

Of the harsh field, which you neglect. A bus'ness, to-morrow
Early, is to be dispatched by me in the vale of Quirinus.

What is the cause of the bus'ness? why do you ask? a friend
marries:

Nor does he admit many. Only let us live, these things will be
done, 135

Done openly, and will desire to be reported in the public regis-
ters.

Meanwhile a great torment sticks to those (thus) marrying,
That they can't bring forth, and retain by birth (of children)
their husbands.

But it is better, that, to their minds, no authority over their bodies
Doth nature indulge; barren they die: and to them 140

'Turgid Lyde, with her medicated box, is of no use,
Nor does it avail to give their palms to the nimble Luperus.
Yet the fork of the coated Gracchus outdid this prodigy,
When, as a gladiator, he traversed in flight the middle of the
stage, 144

More nobly born than the Manlii, the Capitolini, and Marcelli,
And the Catuli, and the posterity of Paulus; than the Fabii, and
Than all the spectators at the podium: tho', to these, him
You should add, at whose expense he then threw the net.

That there are many ghosts and subterranean realms,
And a boat-pole, and black frogs in the Stygian gulph, 150
And that so many thousands pass over in one boat,
Not even boys believe, unless those not as yet washed for
money:

But think thou that they are true: What thinks Curius, and
both.

'The Scipios? what Fabricius, and the ghost of Camillus? 154
What the legion of Cremera, and the youth consumed at Cannæ,
So many warlike souls? as often as from hence to them such
A shade arrives, they would desire to be purified, if there could
be given

Sulphur with pines, and if there were a wet laurel.

Thither, alas! we wretches are conveyed! our arms, indeed,
beyond 160

'The shores of Juverna we have advanced, and the lately cap-
tured

Orcades, and the Britons content with very little night.

But the things which now are done in the city of the conquer-
ing people,

'Those whom we have conquered do not: and yet one
Armenian, Zelates, more soft than all our striplings, is said
To have yielded himself to a burning tribune. 165

See what commerce may do: he had come an hostage.

Here they become men: for if a longer stay indulges

The city to boys, never will a lover be wanting.

Trowsers, knives, bridles, whip, will be laid aside.

'Thus they carry back prætextate manners to Artaxata. 170

SATIRE III.

ARGUMENT.

Juvenal introduces Umbricius, an old friend of his, taking his departure from Rome, and going to settle in a country retirement at Cumæ. He accompanies Umbricius out of town; and before they take leave of each other, Umbricius tells his friend Juvenal the reasons which had induced him to retire from Rome: each of which is replete with the keenest satire on its vicious inhabitants. Thus the poet carries on his design of inveighing against the vices and disorders which reigned in that city.

Tho' troubled at the departure of an old friend,
I yet approve that to fix his abode at empty Cumæ
He purposes, and to give one citizen to the Sibyl.
It is the gate of Baiæ, and a grateful shore of pleasant
Retirement. I prefer even Prochyta to Suburra: 5
For what so wretched, so solitary do we see, that you
Would not think it worse to dread fires, the continual
Falling of houses, and a thousand perils of the fell
City, and poets reciting in the month of August?
But while his whole house is put together in one vehicle, 10
He stood still at the old arches, and wet Capena;
Here, where Numa appointed his nocturnal mistress,
Now the grove of the sacred fountain, and the shrines are hired
To the Jews: of whom a basket and hay are the household stuff.
For every tree is commanded to pay a rent to the people: 15
And the wood begs, the muses being ejected.
We descend into the vale of Ægeria, and into eaves
Unlike the true: how much better might have been
The deity of the water, if, with a green margin, the grass inclosed
The waters, nor had marbles violated the natural stone? 20
Here then Umbricius:—Since for honest arts, says he,
There is no place in the city, no emoluments of labour,
One's substance is to-day less than it was yesterday, and the
same to-morrow,
Will diminish something from the little; we propose thither 25
To go, where Dædalus put off his weary wings,
While greyness is new, while old age is fresh and upright,
While there remains to Lachesis what she may spin, and on
my feet
Myself I carry, no staff sustaining my hand,

Let us leave our native soil: let Arturius live there,
 And Catulus: let those stay who turn black into white. 30
 To whom it is easy to hire a building, rivers, ports,
 A sewer to be dried, a corpse to be carried to the pile,
 And to expose a venal head under the mistress-spear.
 These, in time past, horn-blowers, and on a municipal theatre
 Perpetual attendants, and cheeks known through the towns,
 Now set forth public shows, and, the people's thumb being 35
 turned,

Kill whom they will, as the people please: thence returned
 They hire jakes: and why not all things? since they are
 Such, as, from low estate, to great heights of circumstances
 Fortune raises up, as often as she has a mind to joke. 40
 What can I do at Rome? I know not to lie: a book
 If bad I cannot praise, and ask for: the motions
 Of the stars I am ignorant of: the funeral of a father to promise
 I neither will, nor can: the entrails of toads I never
 Have inspected: to carry a married woman what an adulterer 45
 sends,

What he commits to charge, let others know: nobody, I assisting,
 Shall be a thief; and therefore I go forth a companion to none, as
 Maimed, and the useless body of an extinct right-hand. 49
 Who now is loved, unless conscious, and whose fervent
 Mind boils with things hidden, and ever to remain in silence?
 He thinks he owes you nothing, nothing will he bestow,
 Who hath made you partaker of an honest secret.
 He will be dear to Verres, who Verres, at any time he will,
 Can accuse. Of so much value to you let not of shady
 Tagus the whole sand be, and the gold which is rolled into the 55
 sea,

That you should want sleep, and should accept rewards to be
 rejected,

Sorrowful, and be always feared by a great friend.

What nation is most acceptable to our rich men,
 And whom I would particularly avoid, I will hasten to confess;
 Nor shall shame hinder. O Romans, I cannot bear, 60
 A Grecian city; tho' what is the portion of Achæan dregs?
 Some while since Syrian Orontes has flow'd into the Tiber,
 And its language, and manners, and, with the piper, harps
 Oblique, also its national timbrels, with itself
 Hath brought, and girls bidden to expose themselves for hiring 65
 at the Circus.—

Go ye, who like a Barbarian strumpet with a painted mitre.

That rustic of thine, O Quirinus, assumes a Grecian dress,
 And carries Grecian ornaments on his perfumed neck.

One leaving high Sicyon, but another, Amydon,
 He from Andros, another from Samos, another from Tralles, or
 Alabanda, 70

Seek the Esquilæ, and the hill named from an osier;
 The bowels, and future lords, of great families.

A quick wit, desperate impudence, speech
 Ready, and more rapid than Isæus. Say—what do you
 Think him to be? He has brought us with himself what man
 you please: 75

Grammarians, Rhetoricians, Geometricians, Painters, Anointers,
 Augurs, Rope-dancers, Physicians, Wizards; he knows all things.
 A hungry Greek will go into heaven, if you command.

In fine—he was not a Moor, nor Sarmatian, nor Thracian, 80
 Who assumed wings, but born in the midst of Athens.
 Shall I not avoid the splendid dress of these? before me shall he
 Sign? and supported by a better couch shall he lie at table,
 Brought to Rome by the same wind as plums and figs?
 Is it even nothing that our infancy the air

Of Aventinus drew, nourished by the Sabine berry? 85

What!—because a nation, most expert in flattery, praises
 The speech of an unlearned, the face of a deformed friend,
 And equals the long neck of the feeble, to the neck of
 Hercules, holding Antæus far from the earth—

Admires a squeaking voice: not worse than which, 90
 He utters, who, being husband, the hen is bitten!

These same things we may praise also: but to them
 Credit is given. Whether is he better when he plays Thais, or
 when

The comedian acts a wife, or Doris with no
 Cloak dressed? truly a woman herself seems to speak, 95
 Not the actor: you would declare

It was a real woman in all respects.

Yet neither will Antiochus, nor admirable there will
 Either Stratocles, or Demetrius, with soft Hæmus, be: 99

The nation is imitative. Do you laugh? with greater laughter
 Is he shaken: he weeps, if he has seen the tears of a friend,
 Not that he grieves: if in winter-time you ask for a little fire,
 He puts on a great coat: if you should say, "I am hot"—he
 sweats.

We are not therefore equals: better is he, who always, and all
 Night and day, can assume another's countenance, 105

Cast from the face the hands, ready to applaud,
 If his friend hath belched well, or rightly made water;

If the golden cup hath given a crack, from the inverted bottom.

Moreover, nothing is sacred or safe from their lust; 109

Not the matron of an household, not a virgin daughter, not
 The wooer himself, as yet smooth, not the son before chaste.
 If there be none of these, he turns the house of his friend up-
 side down :

They will know the secrets of the family, and thence be feared.
 And because mention of Greeks has begun, pass over
 The schools, and hear a deed of the greater abolla. 115

A Stoic killed Bareas, an informer his friend,
 And an old man his disciple, nourished on that bank,
 At which a feather of the Gorgonean horse dropped down.
 No place is here for any Roman, where reigns
 Some Protogenes, or Diphilus, or Erimanthus, 120
 Who, from the vice of his nation, never shares a friend ;
 He alone hath him : for, when he hath dropp'd into his easy ear
 A little of the poison of his nature, and of his country,
 I am removed from the threshold :—times of long service
 Are past and gone—no where is the loss of a client less. 125
 Moreover, what is the office, (that I may not flatter ourselves,)
 or what

The merit of a poor man here, if a client takes care by night
 To run, when the Prætor drives on the lictor, and to go
 Precipitate commands him, (the childless long since awake,)
 Lest first his colleague should salute Albina or Modia ? 130
 Here, the son of a rich slave closes the side of the
 Free-born : but another, as much as in a legion Tribunes
 Receive, presents to Calvina, or Catiena,
 That once and again he may enjoy her : but thou, 134
 When the face of a well-dressed harlot pleases thee, hesitatest,
 And doubttest to lead forth Chione from her high chair.

Produce a witness at Rome, as just as was the host
 Of the Idean deity : let even Numa come forth, or he who
 Preserved trembling Minerva from the burning temple : 139
 Immediately as to income, concerning morals will be the last
 Inquiry : how many servants he maintains ? how many acres
 of land

He possesses ? in how many and great a dish he sups ?
 AS MUCH MONEY AS EVERY ONE KEEPS IN HIS CHEST,
 SO MUCH CREDIT TOO HE HAS. Tho' you should swear by the
 altars, both

Of the Samothracian, and of our gods, a poor man to contemn
 thunder 145

Is believed, and the gods, the gods themselves forgiving him.
 What, because this same affords matter and causes of jests
 To all, if his garment be dirty and rent,
 If his gown be soiled, and one of his shoes with torn

Leather be open: or if not one patch only shews the coarse
And recent thread in the stiched-up rupture? 151

UNHAPPY POVERTY HAS NOTHING HARDER IN ITSELF

THAN THAT IT MAKES MEN RIDICULOUS. Let him go out, says he,
If he has any shame, and let him rise from the equestrian
cushion,

Whose estate is not sufficient for the law, and let there sit here
The sons of pimps, in whatever brothel born. 156

Here let the son of a spruce crier applaud, among
The smart youths of a sword-player, and the youths of a fencer:
Thus it pleased vain Otho, who distinguished us.

What son-in-law, here, inferior in estate, hath pleased, and un-
equal 160

To the bags of a girl? what poor man written down heir?

When is he in counsel with Ædiles? In a formed body,

The mean Romans ought long ago to have migrated.

THEY DO NOT EASILY EMERGE, TO WHOSE VIRTUES NARROW

FORTUNE IS A HINDRANCE; but at Rome more hard to them is
The endeavour: a miserable lodging at a great price, at a great
price 166

The bellies of servants, and a little frugal supper at a great
price.

It shameth to sup in earthen ware: which he denied to be dis-
graceful,

Who was translated suddenly to the Marsi, and to the Sabellan
table,

And there was content with a Venetian and coarse hood. 170

There is a great part of Italy, if we admit the truth, in which
Nobody takes the gown, unless dead. The solemnity itself of

Festal days, if at any time it is celebrated in a grassy

Theatre, and at length a known farce returns to the stage.

When the gaping of the pale-looking mask 175

The rustic infant in its mother's bosom dreads:

Habits are equal there, and there alike you will see

The orchestra and people: the clothing of bright honour,

White tunics, suffice for the chief Ædiles.

Here is a finery of dress beyond ability: here is something
more 180

Than enough: sometimes it is taken from another's chest:

The vice is common. Here we all live in ambitious

Poverty:—why do I detain you? All things at Rome

Are with a price. What give you that sometimes you may sa-
lute Cossus?

That Veiento may look on you with shut lip? 185

One shaves the beard, another deposits the hair of a favourite:

The house is full of venal cakes: take, and that
 Leaven have to thyself: we clients to pay tributes
 Are compelled, and to augment the wealth of spruce servants.

Who fears, or hath feared the fall of a house in cold Præ-
 neste, 190

Or at Volsinium placed among shady hills, or at
 Simple Gabii, or at the tower of prone Tibur?
 We inhabit a city supported by a slender prop
 In a great part of itself; for thus the steward hinders 194
 What is falling, and has covered the gaping of an old chink:
 He bids us to sleep secure, ruin impending.

There one should live, where there are no burnings, no fears
 In the night.—Already Ucalegon asks for water, already
 Removes the lumber: already thy third floors smoke:
 Thou know'st it not: for if they are alarmed from the lowest
 steps, 200

The highest will burn, which the roof alone defends
 From the rain: where the soft pigeons lay their eggs.

Codrus had a bed less than Procula: six little pitchers
 The ornament of his cupboard; also, underneath, a small
 Jug, and a Chiron reclining under the same marble. 205
 And now an old chest preserved his Greek books,
 And barbarous mice were gnawing divine verses.
 Nothing had Codrus—who forsooth denies it? and yet all that
 Nothing unhappy he lost. But the utmost
 Addition to his affliction was, that, naked, and begging scraps, 210
 Nobody will help him with food, nobody with entertainment,
 and an house.

If the great house of Asturius hath fallen; the mother is
 ghastly,

The nobles sadly clothed, the Prætor defers recognizances:
 Then we lament the misfortunes of the city; then we hate fire;
 It burns yet—and now runs one who can present marbles, 215
 Can contribute expenses: another naked and white statues;
 Another something famous of Euphranor and Polycletus;
 The ancient ornaments of Phæcasian gods.

This man will give books, and book-cases, and Minerva down
 to the waist;

Another a bushel of silver: better and more things doth 220
 The Persian, the most splendid of destitutes lay up, and now
 deservedly

Suspected, as if he had himself set fire to his own house.
 Could you be plucked away from the Circenses, a most excellent
 house

At Sora, or Fabrateria, or Frusino, is gotten 224

At the price for which you now hire darkness for one year:
 Here is a little garden, and a shallow well, not to be drawn by
 a rope,
 It is poured with an easy draught on the small plants.
 Live fond of the fork, and the farmer of a cultivated garden,
 Whence you may give a feast to an hundred Pythagoreans.
 It is something in any place, in any retirement, 230
 To have made one's self master of one lizard.
 Here many a sick man dies with watching; (but that
 Languor food hath produced, imperfect, and sticking
 To the burning stomach), for what hired lodgings admit
 Sleep?—With great wealth one sleeps in the city. 235
 Thence the source of the disease: the passing of carriages in
 the narrow
 Turning of the streets, and the foul language of the standing
 team,
 Take away sleep from Drusus, and from sea-calves.
 If business calls, the crowd giving way, the rich man will be
 Carried along, and will pass swiftly above their faces with a
 huge Liburnian, 241
 And in the way he will read, or write, or sleep within;
 For a litter with the window shut causeth sleep.
 But he will come before us: us hastening the crowd before
 Obstructs: the people who follow press the loins with a large
 Concourse: one strikes with the elbow, another strikes with a
 large 245
 Joist, but another drives a beam against one's head, another a
 tub.
 The legs thick with mud: presently, on all sides, with a great
 foot
 I'm trodden on, and the nail of a soldier sticks in my toe.
 Do not you see with how much smoke the sportula is fre-
 quented?
 An hundred guests: his own kitchen follows every one: 250
 Corbulo could hardly bear so many immense vessels, so many
 things
 Put on his head, as, with an upright top, an unhappy little
 Slave carries; and in running ventilates the fire.—
 Botched coats are torn. Now a long fir-tree brandishes,
 The waggon coming, and a pine other 255
 Carts carry, they nod on high, and threaten the people.
 But if the axle, which carries the Ligustian stones,
 Hath fallen down, and hath poured forth the overturned moun-
 tain upon the crowd,
 What remains of their bodies? who finds members—who

Bones? every carcase of the vulgar, ground to powder, perishes
In the manner of the soul. Meanwhile, the family secure now
washes 261

The dishes, and raises up a little fire with the cheek, and makes
a sound with anointed

Scrapers, and puts together the napkins with a full cruse.

These things among the servants are variously hastened; but he
Now sits on the bank, and, a novice, dreads the black 265

Ferryman; nor does he hope for the boat of the muddy gulf,
Wretch [that he is]—nor hath he a farthing which he can reach
forth from his mouth.

Now consider other and different dangers of the night:
What space from high roofs, from whence the brain
A potsherd strikes, as often as from the windows cracked and
broken 271

Vessels fall, with what weight they mark and wound
The stricken flint: you may be accounted idle,
And improvident of sudden accident, if to supper
You go intestate; there are as many fates as, in that 274
Night, there are watchful windows open, while you pass by.
Therefore you should desire, and carry with you a miserable
wish,

That they may be content to pour forth broad basons.

One drunken and petulant, who haply hath killed nobody,
Is punished; suffers the night of Pelides mourning 279
His friend; he lies on his face, then presently on his back:

For otherwise he could not sleep; To some

A QUARREL CAUSES SLEEP: but tho' wicked from years
And heated with wine, he is aware of him whom a scarlet cloak
Commands to avoid, and a very long train of attendants,
Besides a great number of lights, and a brazen lamp. 285

Me whom the moon is wont to attend, or the short light
Of a candle, the wick of which I dispose and regulate,
He despises: know the preludes of a wretched quarrel,
If it be a quarrel where you strike and I only am beaten.
He stands opposite, and bids you stand; it is necessary to
obey; 290

For what can you do, when a madman compels, and he
The stronger? "Whence come you," he exclaims, "with
"whose vinegar,

"With whose bean, swell you? What cobbler with you
"Sliced leek, and a boiled sheep's head, hath eaten? 294

"Do you answer me nothing?—either tell, or take a kick:
"Tell where you abide—in what begging-place shall I seek
you?"—

If you should attempt to say any thing, or retire silent,
It amounts to the same: they equally strike: then, angry, they
Bind you over. This is the liberty of a poor man.

Beaten he asks, bruised with fists he entreats, 300
That he may return thence with a few of his teeth.

Yet neither may you fear this only: for one who will rob you
will not

Be wanting, the houses being shut up, after, everywhere, every
Fixed fastening of the chained shop hath been silent:

And sometimes the sudden footpad with a sword does your bu- 306
siness,

As often as, with an armed guard, are kept safe
Both the Pontinian marsh, and the Gallinarian pine;
Thus from thence hither all run as to vivaries.

In what furnace, on what anvil are not heavy chains?
The greatest quantity of iron (is used) in fetters, so that you 311
may fear lest

The ploughshares may fail, lest hoes and spades may be wanting.
You may call our great-grandfathers happy, happy
The ages, which formerly, under kings and tribunes,
Saw Rome content with one prison.

To these I could subjoin other and more causes, 316
But my cattle call, and the sun inclines, I must go:
For long since the muleteer, with his shaken whip,
Hath hinted to me: therefore farewell mindful of me: and as
often as

Rome shall restore you, hastening to be refreshed, to your
Aquinum,

Me also to Helvine Ceres, and to your Diana, 321
Rend from Cumæ: I of your Satires (unless they are ashamed)
An helper, will come armed into your cold fields.

SATIRE IV.

ARGUMENT.

From the luxury and prodigality of Crispinus, whom he lashes so severely Sat. i. 26-9, Juvenal takes occasion to describe a ridiculous consultation held by Domitian over a large turbot; which was too big to be contained in any dish that could be found. The poet, with great wit and humour, describes the senators being summoned in this exigency, and gives a particular account of their characters, speeches, and advice. After long consultation, it was proposed that the fish should be cut to pieces, and so dressed: at last they all came over to the opinion of the senator Montanus, that it should be dressed whole; and that a dish, big enough to contain it, should be made on purpose for it. The council is then dismissed, and the Satire concludes; but not without a most severe censure on the emperor's injustice and cruelty towards some of the best and most worthy of the Romans.

BEHOLD again Crispinus! and he is often to be called by me
To his parts: a monster by no virtue redeemed
From vices—sick, and strong in lust alone:
The adulterer despises only the charms of a widow.
What signifies it, therefore, in how large porches he fatigues⁵
His cattle, in how great a shade of groves he may be carried,
How many acres near the forum, what houses he may have
bought?

NO BAD MAN IS HAPPY: least of all a corrupter, and the same
Incestuous, with whom there lay, lately, a filleted
Priestess, about to go under ground with blood as yet alive.¹⁰
But now concerning lighter deeds: and yet another,
If he had done the same, would have fallen under the judge of
manners:

For what would be base in good men, in Tititus, or Seius, be-
came

Crispinus: what can you do, since dire, and fouler than every
Crime, his person is?—He bought a mullet for six sestertia,
Truly equalling the sestertia to a like number of pounds,¹⁵
As they report, who of great things speak greater.
I praise the device of the contriver, if, with so large a gift,
He had obtained the chief wax on the will of a childless old
man.

There is further reason, if he had sent it to a great mistress,²⁰

Who is carried in a close litter with broad windows.
Expect no such thing: he bought it for himself; we see many
things

Which the wretched and frugal Apicius did not: this thou [didst]
Crispinus, formerly girt with your own country flag.
Is this the price of a scale? perhaps, at less might 25
The fisherman, than the fish, be bought. At so much a pro-
vince

Sells fields: but Apulia sells greater.

What dainties then can we think the emperor himself
To have swallowed, when so many sestertia, a small
Part, and taken from the margin of a moderate supper, 30
A purple buffoon of the great palace belched?
Now chief of knights, who used, with a loud voice,
To sell his own country shads for hire.

Begin Calliope, here you may dwell: you must not
Sing, a real matter is treated: relate it ye Pierian 35
Maids—let it avail me to have called ye maids.

When now the last Flavius had torn the half-dead
World, and Rome was in bondage to bald Nero,
There fell a wondrous size of an Adriatic turbot,
Before the house of Venus which Doric Ancon sustains, 40
Into a net and filled it, for a less had not stuck than those
Which the Mæotic ice covers, and at length, broken
By the sun, pours forth at the entrance of the dull Pontic,
Slow by idleness, and, by long cold, fat.

The master of the boat and net destines this monster 45
For the chief pontiff—for who to offer such a one to sale,
Or to buy it, would dare? since the shores too with many
An informer might be full: the dispersed inquisitors of sea-weed
Would immediately contend with the naked boatman,
Not doubting to say that the fish was a fugitive, 50
And long had fed in Cæsar's ponds, thence had
Escaped, and ought to return to its old master.
If we at all believe Palphurius, or Armillatus,
Whatever is remarkable, and excellent in the whole sea,
Is a matter of revenue, wherever it swims.—Therefore it shall
be presented 55

Lest it should be lost. Deadly autumn was now yielding to
Hoar-frosts, the unhealthy now expecting a quartan,
Deformed winter howled, and the recent prey
Preserved: yet he hastens as if the south wind urged.
And as soon as they had got to the lakes, where, tho' demo-
lished, Alba
Preserves the Trojan fire, and worships the lesser Vesta, 60

A wondering crowd, for a while, opposed him as he entered :
 As it gave way, the gates opened with an easy hinge :
 The excluded fathers behold the admitted dainties.
 He comes to Atrides : then the Picenian said, " Accept ⁶⁵
 " What is too great for private kitchens : let this day be passed
 " As a festival ; hasten to release your stomach from its cram-
 mings,
 " And consume a turbot reserved for your age :
 " Itself it would be taken."—What could be plainer ? and yet
 His crest arose : there is nothing which of itself it may not ⁷⁰
 Believe, when a power equal to the gods is praised.
 But there was wanting a size of pot for the fish : therefore
 The nobles are called into council, whom he hated :
 In the face of whom was sitting the paleness of a miserable
 And great friendship.—First, (a Liburnian crying out— ⁷⁵
 " Run—he is already seated,") with a snatched-up gown, hast-
 ened
 Pegasus, lately appointed bailiff to the astonished city—
 Were the Præfects then any thing else ?—of whom [he was] the
 best, and
 Most upright interpreter of laws ; tho' all things,
 In direful times, he thought were to be managed with unarmed
 Justice. The pleasant old age of Crispus also came, ⁸¹
 Whose manners were, as his eloquence, a gentle
 Disposition : to one governing seas, and lands, and people,
 Who a more useful companion, if, under that slaughter and pes-
 tilence,
 It were permitted to condemn cruelty, and to give honest ⁸⁵
 Counsel ? But what is more violent than the ear of a tyrant,
 With whom the fate of a friend, who should speak of showers,
 Or heats, or of a rainy spring, depended ?
 He therefore never directed his arms against
 The torrent : nor was he a citizen, who could utter ⁹⁰
 The free words of his mind, and spend his life for the truth.
 Thus he saw many winters, and the eightieth
 Solstices : with these arms, safe also in that court.
 Next, of the same age, hurried Acilius
 With a youth unworthy, whom so erul a death should await,
 And now hastened by the swords of the tyrant : but long since ⁹⁶
 Old age in nobility is equal to a prodigy :
 Hence it is, that I had rather be a little brother of the giants.
 Therefore it nothing availed the wretch that he pierced
 Numidian bears in close fight, a naked hunter in the Alban
 Theatre : for who cannot now understand the arts ¹⁰²
 Of the nobles ? who can wonder at that old subtlety of thine,

O Brutus? It is easy to impose on a bearded king.
 Nor better in countenance, tho' ignoble, went
 Rubrius, guilty of an old crime, and ever to be kept in silence :
 And yet more wicked than the pathic writing satire. 106
 The belly of Montanus too is present, slow from his paunch :
 And Crispinus sweating with morning perfume :
 Two funerals scarcely smell so much. Pompeius too,
 Than him more cruel to cut throats with a gentle whisper. 110
 And Fuscus, who was preserving his bowels for the Dacian
 Vultures, having meditated wars in his marble villa.
 And prudent Veiento, with deadly Catullus,
 Who burn'd with the love of a girl never seen ;
 A great, and also, in our times, a conspicuous monster ! 115
 A blind flatterer, a dire attendant from the bridge,
 Worthy that he should beg at the Aricinian axles,
 And throw kind kisses to the descending carriage.
 Nobody more wonder'd at the turbot ; for he said many things
 Turned to the left, but on his right hand lay 120
 The fish : thus he praised the battles and strokes of the Cilician,
 And the machine, and the boys snatched up to the coverings.
 Veiento does not yield, but as a fanatic stung with thy gad-fly,
 O Bellona, divines, and says, " A great omen
 " You have, of a great and illustrious triumph : 125
 " You will take some king, or from a British chariot
 " Arviragus will fall : the fish is foreign ; do you perceive
 " The spears erect on his back ?" This one thing was wanting
 To Fabricius, that he should tell the country of the turbot, and
 its age.
 " What thinkest thou then?—Must it be cut?" " Far from it 135
 be
 " This disgrace," says Montanus : " let a deep pot be prepared
 " Which, with its thin wall, may collect the spacious orb.
 " A great and sudden Prometheus is due to the dish :
 " Hasten quickly the clay, and the wheel : but now, from this
 " Time, Cæsar, let potters follow your camps." 140
 The opinion, worthy the man, prevailed : he had known
 The old luxury of the empire, and the nights of Nero
 How half spent, and another hunger, when the lungs with
 Falernan
 Burned : none had a greater experience in eating
 In my time. Whether oysters were bred at Circæi, or 145
 At the Lucrine rock, or sent forth from the Rutupian bottom,
 He knew well to discover at the first bite ;
 And told the shore of a sea-urchin once looked at.
 They rise—and the senators are commanded to depart from

the dismissed
Council, whom the great general into the Alban tower ¹⁵⁰
Had drawn astonished, and compelled to hasten,
As if something concerning the Catti, and the fierce Sicambri
He was about to say; as if from different parts of the world
An alarming epistle had come with hasty wing.

And I wish that rather to these trifles he had given all those ¹⁵⁵
Times of cruelty, in which he took from the city renowned
And illustrious lives with impunity, and with no avenger.
But he perished, after that to be fear'd by cobblers
He had begun: this hurt him reeking with slaughter of the
Lamiæ.

SATIRE V.

ARGUMENT.

The poet dissuades Trebius, a parasite, from frequenting the tables of the great, where he was certain to be treated with the utmost scorn and contempt. Juvenal then proceeds to stigmatize the insolence and luxury of the nobility, their treatment of their poor dependents, whom they almost suffer to starve while they themselves fare deliciously.

IF you are not yet ashamed of your purpose, and your mind is the same,

That you can think it the highest happiness to live from another's trencher;

If you can suffer those things, which neither Sarmenus at the unequal

Tables of Cæsar, nor vile Galba could have borne,

I should be afraid to believe you as a witness, tho' upon oath.

I know nothing more frugal than the belly: yet suppose even that

To have failed, which suffices for an empty stomach,

Is there no hole vacant? no where a bridge? and part of a rug

Shorter by the half? is the injury of a supper of so great value?

Is hunger so craving, when you might, more honestly, there
Both tremble, and gnaw the filth of dogs'-meat? 11

Fix in the first place, that you bidden to sit down at table,
Receive a solid reward of old services:

Food is the fruit of great friendship: this the great man reckons,

And tho' rare, yet he reckons it. Therefore if, after two 15

Months, he likes to invite a neglected client,

Lest the third pillow should be idle on an empty bed,

"Let us be together," says he.—It is the sum of your wishes—
what more

Do you seek? Trebius has that, for which he ought to break

His sleep, and leave loose his shoe-ties; solicitous lest 20

The whole saluting crowd should have finished the circle,

The stars dubious, or at that time, in which the

Cold wains of slow Bootes turn themselves round.

Yet, what sort of a supper? wine which moist wool

Would not endure: from a guest you will see a Corybant. 25

They begin brawls; but presently you throw cups,

Wounded, and wipe wounds with a red napkin.
 How often, between you and a troop of freedmen,
 Does the battle glow, which is fought with a Saguntine pot?
 He drinks what was racked off when the consul wore long
 hair, 30

And possesses the grape trodden in the social wars,
 Never about to send a cup [of it] to a cholicky friend.
 To-morrow he'll drink something from the Alban mountains,
 Or from the Setine, whose country, and title, old age
 Has blotted out, by the thick mouldiness of the old cask. 35

Such Thraseas and Helvidius drank, crowned,
 On the birth-day of the Bruti and Cassius. Virro himself
 Holds capacious pieces of the Heliades, and cups with beryl
 Unequal: to you gold is not committed: 40

Or if at any time it be given, a guard is fixed there,
 Who may count the gems, and observe your sharp nails:
 Excuse it, for there a bright jasper is commended;

For Virro (as many do) transfers his gems to his cups
 From his fingers; such as, in the front of his scabbard,
 The youth preferr'd to jealous Hiarbas used to put. 45

You shall drain a pot with four handles, having
 The name of the Beneventane cobbler, and now
 Shattered, and requiring sulphur for the broken glass.

If the stomach of the master is hot with wine, or meat,
 Boiled [water] is sought, colder than Getic hoar-frosts. 50
 Was I just now complaining that not the same wines were set
 before you?

You drink other water. To you the cups a Getulian
 Lackey will give, or the bony hand of a black Moor,
 And whom you would be unwilling to meet at midnight,
 While you are carried thro' the monuments of the hilly Latin
 way. 55

A flower of Asia is before him, purchased at a greater price,
 Than was the estate of warlike Tullus, and of Ancus:
 And, not to detain you, all the trifles of the Roman
 Kings. Which since it is so, do thou the Getulian Ganymede
 Look back upon, when you are thirsty: a boy bought for so
 many 60

'Thousands know not to mingle [wine] for the poor: but his
 form, his age,
 Are worthy disdain. When, does he come to you?
 When, being called, does he attend [as] the minister of hot or
 cold water?

For he scorns to obey an old client;
 And that you should ask for any thing, or that you should lie
 down, himself standing. 65

EVERY VERY GREAT HOUSE IS FULL OF PROUD SERVANTS.

Behold, with what grumbling another has reached out bread,
Hardly broken, pieces of solid meal already musty, .

Which will shake a grinder, not admitting a bite.

But the tender and white, and made with soft flour, 70

Is kept for the master. Remember to restrain your right hand:

Let reverence of the butler be safe.—Yet, suppose yourself

A little knavish; there remains one who can compel you to lay
it down.

“Wilt thou, impudent guest, from the accustomed baskets

“Be filled, and know the colour of your own bread?” 75

“Well, this has been that, for which often, my wife being left,

“I have run over the adverse mount, and the cold

“Esquilæ, when the vernal air rattled with cruel

“Hail, and my cloak dropped with much rain.”

See, with how long a breast, a lobster, which is brought 80

To the master, distends the dish, and with what asparagus

On all sides surrounded; with what a tail he can look down on
the banquet,

When he comes borne aloft by the hands of a tall servant.

But to you is set a shrunk crab, with half an egg,

A funeral supper in a little platter. 85

He besmears his fish with Venefran (oil)—but this

Pale cabbage, which is brought to miserable you, will smell

Of a lamp, for that is given for your saucers, which

A canoe of the Micipsæ brought over in its sharp prow.

For which reason, nobody at Rome bathes with a Bocchar, 90

Which also makes the Africans safe from serpents.

A mullet will be for the master, which Corsica sent, or which

The Taurominitian rocks, since all our sea is exhausted,

And now has failed: while the appetite rages,

The market, with assiduous is searching thoroughly 95

The neighbouring (seas), nor suffers a Tyrrhene fish to grow:

Therefore a province furnishes the kitchen: from thence is taken

What the wheedler Lenas might buy, Aurelia sell.

To Virro a lamprey is given, the largest that came 99

From the Sicilian gulf: for while the south contains itself,

While it rests, and in its prison dries its wet wings,

The rash nets despise the middle of Charybdis.

An eel remains for you, a relation of a long snake;

Or a Tiberine sprinkled with spots by the ice, and that

An attendant of the banks, fat with the rushing common-sew-
er, 105

And accustomed to penetrate the drain of the Suburra. .

I would say a few words to himself, if he would lend an easy
ear:

Nobody seeks, what were sent to his mean friends
 By Seneca: what good Piso, what Cotta used
 To bestow: for, than both titles and offices, formerly, 110
 Greater was the glory of giving esteemed: only
 We ask that you should sup civilly: do this, and be,
 Be (as many now are) rich to yourself, poor to your friends.

Before himself (is placed) the liver of a great goose: equal to
 geese, 114

A crammed fowl, and, worthy the spear of a yellow Meleager,
 Smokes a boar: after him truffles are scraped, if then
 It be spring, and wished-for thunders make suppers
 Greater:—"Have thy corn to thyself," says Alledius,
 "O Libya, unyoke your oxen, while you will send truffles."
 Meanwhile the carver, lest any indignation be wanting, 120
 You will behold dancing, and flourishing with a nimble
 Knife, till he can finish all the dictates of his
 Master; nor indeed is it a matter of the least concern,
 With what gesture hares, and with what a hen should be cut.
 You will be dragged by the foot, as the stricken Cacus by Her-
 cules, 125

And put out of doors, if you ever attempt
 To mutter, as if you had three names.—When does Virro
 Drink to you, and take the cup touched by your
 Lips? which of you is rash enough, who so
 Desperate, as to say to the great man, drink? Many things
 there are, 130

Which men in a torn coat dare not say.
 If to you four hundred (sestertia) any god, or one like the gods,
 And better than the fates, should present; poor mortal, how
 great

From nothing would you become! how great a friend of Virro!
 "Give to Trebius—set before Trebius:—would you have, bro-
 ther, some 135

"Of those dainties?"—O riches! he gives this honour to you—
 Ye are brethren. But if a lord, and sovereign of a lord
 You would become, in your hall no little
 Æneas must play, nor a daughter sweeter than he.
 A barren wife makes a pleasant and dear friend. 140

But tho' your Micale should bring forth, and should pour
 Three boys together into the bosom of their father, he in the
 prattling

Nest will rejoice: he'll command a green stomacher
 To be brought, and small nuts, and the asked-for penny,
 As often as the infant parasite comes to his table. 145

Doubtful funguses are put to mean friends,

A mushroom to the lord; but such as Claudius ate
Before that of his wife, after which he ate nothing more.

Firro will order to himself, and the rest of the Virros, those
Apples to be given, with the odour alone of which you may be
fed, 150

Such as the perpetual autumn of the Phæacians had,
Which you might believe to be stolen from the African sisters.
You will enjoy the scab of an apple, which in a trench he
gnaws

Who is covered with a shield and helmet, and, fearing the whip,
Learns from the rough Capella to throw a dart. 155

Perhaps you may think Virro spares expense:
He does this that you may grieve: for what comedy—what
Mimic is better, than deploring gluttony? therefore all is done,
If you know not, that by tears to pour forth vexation
You may be compell'd, and long to creak with a press'd grind-
er. 160

You seem to yourself a free man, and a guest of the great
man;

He thinks you are taken with the smell of his kitchen,
Nor does he guess badly; for who so naked, that would
Bear him twice if the Etruscan gold befel him when a boy,
Or the nodus only, and the mark from the poor strap? 165

'The hope of supping well deceives you: "Lo—now he will give
"An half-eaten hare, or something from the buttocks of a boar:
"To us will now come the lesser fat fowl"—then with prepared
And untouched, and cut bread, ye are silent.

He is wise, who uses you thus: all things, if you can, 170
You also ought to bear: with a shaven crown you will some
time

Offer your head to be beat, nor will you fear hard
Lashes to endure, worthy these feasts, and such a friend.

SATIRE VI.

ARGUMENT.

This Satire is almost twice the length of any of the rest, and is a bitter invective against the fair sex. The ladies of Rome are here represented in a very shocking light. The poet takes occasion to persuade his friend Ursidius Posthumus from marriage, at the expense of the whole sex. See Mr. Dryden's Argument.

I BELIEVE that chastity, in the reign of Saturn, dwelt
Upon earth, and was seen long; when a cold den afforded
Small habitations, and fire, and the household-god,
And inclosed the eattle, and their masters, in one common
shelter:

When the mountain-wife would make her rural bed 5
With leaves and straw, and with the skins of her neighbouring
Wild beasts, nor like thee, Cynthia, nor thee, whose bright
Eyes a dead sparrow made foul (with weeping :)
But carrying her dugs to be drunk by her great children,
And often more rough than her husband belehing the aeorn. 10
For then, in the new orb of earth, and reeent heaven,
Men lived otherwise—who, born from a bursten oak,
And eomposed out of elay, had no parents.
Perhaps many traces of chastity remained,
Or some, even under Jupiter, but Jupiter not as yet 15
Bearded; the Greeks not as yet prepared to swear
By the head of another: when nobody feared a thief
For his herbs, or apples, but lived with an open garden.
Then, by little and little, Astræa retired to the gods,
With this her eompanion, and the two sisters fled away to-
gether. 20

It is an old aneient praetiee, O Posthumus, to violate the bed
Of another, and to despise the genius of the sacred prop.
Every other erime the Iron Age presently brought in,
The Silver Age saw the first adulterers.

Yet a meeting, and a eontraet, and espousals, in our 25
Time you prepare: and already by a master barber
You are combed: and perhaps have given the pledge to the
finger.

You certainly was once sound (of mind.) Do you, Posthumus,
marry?

Say, by what Tisiphone, by what snakes are you agitated?
 Can you bear any mistress, when so many halters are safe? 30
 When so many high and dizzying windows are open?
 When the Æmilian bridge presents itself near you?
 Or if, of so many, no one death pleases you, do not you
 Think it better to live as you now do?

With those who have no nightly quarrels with you, 35
 Who exact no presents, nor complain that
 You don't comply with all their unreasonable desires?
 But the Julian law pleases Ursidius, he thinks
 To bring up a sweet heir, about to want a large turtle fish,
 And the crests of mullets, and the inveigling market-place. 40
 What think you may not come to pass, if any woman
 Be joined to Ursidius? If he, once the most noted of adulterers,
 Now reach his foolish head to the marriage headstall,
 Whom, so often, ready to perish, the chest of Latinus has con-
 cealed? 44

What (shall we say beside?)—that a wife of ancient morals too
 Is sought by him?—O physicians, open the middle vein!
 Delightful man! adore the Tarpeian threshold
 Prone, and slay for Juno a gilded heifer,
 If a matron of chaste life fall to your share.
 There are so few worthy to touch the fillets of Ceres, 50
 Whose kisses a father would not fear. Weave a crown
 For your gates, and spread thick ivy over your threshold.
 Does one man suffice for Iberina? you will sooner that
 Extort, that she should be content with one eye. 54
 But there is great fame of a certain (girl) living at her father's
 Country house: let her live at Gabii as she lived in the country;
 Let her live at Fidenæ, and I yield the father's country seat.
 But who affirms that nothing is done in mountains, or in
 Dens? Are Jupiter and Mars grown so old?

Is there a woman shewn to you in the Porticos worthy 60
 Your wish? have the spectacles, in all the benches,
 That which you might love securely, and what you might pick
 out from thence?

When the soft Bathyllus dances the nimble Leda,
 Tuccia can't contain herself: Appula whines
 As if embraced: the quick, the languishing Thymele 65
 Long attends: then the rustic Thymele learns.
 But others, as soon as the lock'd-up curtains cease,
 And the courts alone sound, the theatre being empty and shut
 up,

And the Megalesian games, long from the Plebian, sad
 They possess the mask, or thyrsus, and sash of Accius. 70

Urbicus excites laughter in an interlude by the gestures
 Of Atellon Autonoe; poor Ælia loves him.
 The button of the comedian is loosen'd for these at a great
 price. There are, who
 Will forbid Chrysogonus to sing. Hispulla rejoices ⁷⁴
 In a tragedian: do you expect that Quintilian can be loved?
 You take a wife, by whom the harper Echion,
 Or Glaphyrus, will become a father; or Ambrosius the piper.
 Let us fix long stages thro' the narrow streets,
 Let the posts be adorned, and the gate with the grand laurel,
 That to thee, O Lentulus, in his vaulted canopy, ⁸⁰
 The noble infant may express the sword-player Euryalus.
 Hippias, married to a senator, accompanied a gladiator
 To Pharos and the Nile, and the famous walls of Lagos,
 Canopus condemning the prodigies and manners of the city.
 She, unmindful of her family, of her husband, of her sister, ⁸⁵
 Indulged not (a thought) to her country, and, wicked, her weep-
 ing children
 Left, and, to astonish you the more, the games, and Paris.
 But tho' in great riches, and paternal down,
 And, when a little one, she had slept in an embroider'd cradle,
 She despised the sea: she had long ago condemn'd her character,
 The loss of which is the least of all things among fine ladies:
 The Tyrrhene waves therefore, and the widely sounding
 Ionian she bore, with a constant mind, altho'
 The sea was so often to be changed. If there be a just
 And honest cause of danger, they fear; and are frozen with ⁹⁵
 timorous
 Breast, nor can they stand on their trembling feet:
 They shew a dauntless mind in things that they shamefully
 adventure.
 If the husband command, it is hard to go aboard a ship;
 'Then the sink of the ship is burthensome—then the top air is
 turned round.
 She that follows an adulterer, is well at her stomach: she be- ¹⁰⁰
 spews
 Her husband: this dines among the sailors, and wanders
 About the ship, and delights to handle the hard cables.
 But with what a form was she on fire? with what youth was
 Hippias taken?—What did she see, for the sake of which to be
 called an actress
 She endured? for Sergy to shave his throat already had ¹⁰⁵
 Begun, and to hope for rest to his cut arm.
 Beside many deformities in his face; as, galled
 With his helmet, and in the midst of his nostrils a great

Wen, and the sharp evil of his ever-dropping eye.
 But he was a gladiator, this makes them Hyacinths. 110
 This she preferr'd to her children, her country, her sister,
 And her husband: it is the sword they love: but this very
 Sergius,
 The wand accepted, had begun to seem Veiento.
 Care you what a private family, what Hippias has done?
 Consider the rivals of the gods; hear what things
 Claudius has suffered: the wife, when she had perceived her
 husband asleep,
 (The august harlot daring to prefer a coarse rug to the
 Bed of state, to take nocturnal hoods,)
 Left him, attended by not more than one maid-servant,
 And a yellow peruke hiding her black hair, 120
 She entered the brothel warm with an old patched quilt,
 And the empty cell which was hers; then she stood naked
 With her breast adorned with gold, shamming the name of
 Lycisca,
 And shews thy belly, O noble Britannicus.
 Kind she received the comers in, and asked for money: 125
 Presently, the bawd now dismissing his girls,
 She went away sad: but (which she could) she nevertheless
 Last shut up her cell, still burning with desire,
 And she retired, weary, but not satiated with men:
 And filthy with soiled cheeks, and with the smoke of the lamp 130
 Dirty, she carried to the pillow the stench of the brothel.
 Shall I speak of philtres and charms, and poison boiled,
 And given to a son-in-law? they do worse things, compelled
 By the empire of the sex, they sin least of all from lust.
 But why is Cesennia the best (of wives) her husband being
 witness? 135
 She gave twice five hundred, for so much he calls her chaste.
 Nor is he lean from the shafts of Venus, nor does he glow with
 the lamp;
 From thence torches burn; arrows come from her dowry.
 Liberty is bought: tho' she nod before (her husband) and
 Write an answer, she is a widow, who, rich, hath married a
 miser. 140
 Why doth Sertorius burn with the desire of Bibula?
 If you examine the truth, the face, not the wife, is beloved.
 Let three wrinkles come on, and her dry skin relax itself,
 Let her teeth become black, and her eyes less—
 "Collect together your bundles, the freedman will say, and go
 forth: 145
 "You are now troublesome to us, and often wipe your nose, go
 forth

"Quickly—and make haste—another is coming with a dry nose."

In the mean time she is hot, and reigns, and demands of her husband

Shepherds, and Canusian sheep, and Falernan elms.

How little (is there) in this? all boys, whole workhouses, 150

And what is not at home, and her neighbour has, must be bought.

Indeed, in the month of winter, when now the merchant Jason

Is shut up, and the white house hinders the armed sailors,

Great crystals are taken up, and again large (vessels)

Of myrrh then a famous adamant, and on the finger of Bere-nice 155

Made more precious: this formerly a Barbarian gave,

This Agrippa gave to his incestuous sister,

Where kings observe their festival-sabbaths barefoot,

And an ancient clemency is indulgent to old swine.

Does none from so great herds seem to you worthy? 160

Let her be handsome, decent, rich, fruitful: in porticos

Let her dispose her old ancestors, more chaste

Than every Sabine, with dishevelled hair, who put an end to the war:

(A rare bird in the earth, and very like a black swan)—

Who could bear a wife that has all these? I'd rather, 165

Rather have a Venusian (girl) than you, Cornelia, mother

Of the Gracchi, if, with great virtues, you bring

Great haughtiness, and you number triumphs as part of your dowry.

Take away, I pray, your Hannibal, and Syphax conquer'd

In his camp, and depart with the whole of Carthage. 170

"Spare, I pray, O Pæan; and thou, goddess, lay down thine arrows;

"The children do nothing, pierce the mother herself;"

Cries Amphian: but Apollo draws his bow,

And took off the herd of children, and the parent himself,

While Niobe seems to herself more noble than the race of La-tona, 175

And more fruitful than the white sow.

What gravity—what beauty is of such value, as that she should always herself to you

Impute? for of this rare and highest good there is

No comfort, as often as, corrupted with a proud mind, 179

She has more of aloes, than of honey. But who is given up

To such a degree, as not to abhor her whom he extols

With praises, and hate her for seven hours every day?

Some things indeed are small; but not to be borne by husbands:
For what can be more fulsome, than that none should think
herself 184

Handsome, unless she who from a Tuscan becomes a Grecian?
From a Sulmonian, a mere Athenian? every thing in Greek;
Since it is less disgraceful to our ladies to be ignorant of speak-
ing Latin.

In this dialect they fear, in this they pour forth their anger, joy,
cares,

In this all the secrets of their minds. What beside?

They prostitute themselves in Greek. Yet you may indulge
those things to girls: 190

But do you too, whose eighty-sixth year

Beats, speak Greek still? This is not a decent dialect

In an old woman: as often as intervenes the wanton

ΖΩΗ ΚΑΙ ΨΥΧΗ, words just now left under the coverlet

You use in public: for what passion does not a soft and lewd

Word excite? It has fingers.—Nevertheless, that all 195

Desires may subside (though you may say these things softer

Than Æmus, and Carpophorus) your face computes your years.

If one, contracted, and joined to you by lawful deeds,

You are not about to love, of marrying there appears no 200

Cause, nor why you should lose a supper, and bride-cakes,

To be given to weak stomachs, their office ceasing; nor that

Which is given for the first night, when the Dacic in the happy
dish,

And the Germanic shines with the inscribed gold.

If you have uxorious simplicity, your mind is devoted 205

To her alone: submit your head, with a neck prepared

To bear the yoke: you'll find none who can spare a lover.

Tho' she should burn, she rejoices in the torments

And spoils of a lover: therefore a wife is by far less useful

To him, whoever will be a good and desirable husband. 210

You will never bestow any thing against your wife's will: you
will sell

Nothing if she opposes: nothing, if she be unwilling, will be
bought:

She will give affections: that friend will be shut out,

Now grown old, whose beard your gate hath seen.

When there is liberty to pimps and fencers to make a will,

And the same right happens to the amphitheatre, 215

Not one rival only will be dictated as your heir.

"Set up a cross for your slave:—"for what crime has the
"slave deserved

"Punishment? what witness is there? who accused?—hear—

"No delay is ever long concerning the death of a man." 220

"O madman!—so, a slave is a man! be it so—he has done
"nothing;

"This I will—thus I command—let my will stand as a reason."
Therefore she governs her husband: but presently leaves these
realms,

And changes houses, and wears out her bridal veils: from thence
She flies away, and seeks again the footsteps of her despised
bed. 225

The doors, a little before adorned, the pendent veils
Of the house she leaves, and the boughs yet green at the
threshold.

Thus the number increases, thus eight husbands are made
In five autumns—a matter worthy the title of a sepulchre.

You must despair of concord while a mother-in-law lives:
She teaches to rejoice in the plunder of the stripped husband:
She teaches, to letters sent by a corrupter,
To write back nothing ill-bred or simple: she deceives
Keepers, or quiets them with money. Then, while in health,
She sends for Archigenes, and throws away the heavy clothes.
Meanwhile the sent-for adulterer lies hidden,
Is silent, impatient of delay, and prepares for the attempt.
But do you expect that a mother should infuse honest
Morals, or other than what she has herself? moreover, it is
profitable

For a base old woman to bring up a base daughter. 240

There is almost no cause in which a woman has not stirr'd up
The suit. Manilia accuses, if she be not the accused.
They by themselves compose, and form libels,
Prepared to dictate to Celsus, the beginning, and the places.

The Tyrian rugs, and the female ceroma, 245
Who knows not? or who does not see the wounds of the stake,
Which she hollows with continual wooden-swords, and provokes
with the shield?

And fills up all her parts; altogether a matron most worthy
The Florialian trumpet; unless she may agitate something
more

In that breast of hers; and be prepared for the real theatre.
What modesty can an helmeted woman shew, 251
Who deserts her sex, and loves feats of strength? yet she her-
self

Would not become a man: for how little is our pleasure!
What a fine show of things, if there should be an auction of
your wife's,

Her belt, her gauntlets, and crests, and the half covering 255

Of her left leg? or, if she will stir up different battles,
 Happy you, your wench selling her boots.
 These are the women who sweat in a thin gown, whose
 Delicate bodies even a little piece of silk burns.
 Behold, with what a noise she can convey the shewn hits, ²⁶⁰
 And with what a weight of helmet she can be bent; how great
 She can sit on her hams: her swathe with how thick a fold:
 And laugh, when, her arms laid down, a female head-dress is
 taken.

Say, ye grand-daughters of Lepidus, or of blind Metellus,
 Or Fabius Gurgus, what actress ever took ²⁶⁵
 These habits? when would the wife of Asyllus groan at a post?

The bed has always strifes, and alternate quarrels,
 In which a wife lies: there is little sleep there.
 Then she is grievous to her husband, then worse than a be-
 reaved tigress,

When, conscious of an hidden fact, she feigns groans, ²⁷⁰
 Or hates the servants, or, a mistress being pretended, she weeps
 With ever fruitful tears, and always ready

In their station, and waiting for her,
 In what manner she may command them to flow: you think (it)
 love—

You then, O hedge-sparrow, please yourself, and suck up the
 tears ²⁷⁵

With your lips: what writings and what letters would you read
 If the desks of the jealous strumpet were opened!—

But she lies in the embraces of a slave, or of a knight; "Tell,
 "Tell us, I pray, here, Quintilian, some colour."

"We stick fast:"—"say yourself:" "formerly it was agreed,"
 says she, ²⁸⁰

"That you should do what you would; and I also might
 "Indulge myself: though you should clamour, and confound
 "The sea with heaven, I am a woman." Nothing is more bold
 Than they are when discovered; they assume anger and cour-
 age from their crime.

Do you ask—whence these monstrous things, or from what
 source? ²⁸⁵

An humble fortune rendered the Latin woman chaste
 Formerly, nor did labour suffer their small houses
 To be touched with vices; short of sleep, and with the Tuscan
 fleece

Their hands chafed and hard, and Hannibal very near the city,
 And their husbands standing in the Colline tow'r. ²⁹⁰

Now we suffer the evils of a long peace: more cruel than arms,
 Luxury hath invaded us, and avenges the conquer'd world.

No crime is absent, or foul deed of lust, since
 Roman poverty was lost. Hence flow'd to these
 Hills, Sybaris, hence Rhodes too, and hence Miletus, 295
 And the crowned, and petulant, and drunken Tarentum.
 Filthy money foreign manners first
 Brought in, and soft riches weakened the ages with
 Base luxury. For what does a drunken woman regard?
 She knows not the difference between her top and bottom. 300
 She who eats large oysters at midnights,
 When ointments, mixed with Falernan wine, foam,
 When she drinks out of a shell, when now, with a whirl, the
 house
 Walks round, and the table rises up with double candles.
 Go now, and doubt with what a scoff Tullia sups up 305
 The air; what Collacia may say to her acquaintance Maura,
 When Maura passes by the old altar of Chastity.
 Here they put down their sedans o' nights, here they stain
 And defile the image of the goddess, and each other,
 With their impurities, the moon being witness. 310
 Thence they go away home. You tread, when the light re-
 turns,
 In the urine of your wife, as you go to see your great friends.
 The secrets of the good goddess are known, when the pipe
 the loins
 Incites; and also with the horn, and with wine, the Mænads of
 Priapus
 Are driven, astonished, and toss their hair and howl. 315
 O what unchaste desires in their minds are raised!
 What a voice do they utter forth! how great
 A torrent of filthiness flows all about them.
 Laufella proposes a prize among the most impudent strumpets,
 And, in the impure contention, obtains the victory: 320
 She is all in rapture when Medullina acts her part.
 The more vile, the more honour they obtain.
 Nothing is feigned, all things are done
 To the truth, by which might be fired, now cold with age,
 Priam, and the hernia of Nestor. 325
 Then their situation makes them impatient: then the woman is
 undisguised,
 And a clamour is repeated together thro' all the den:
 "Now 'tis right, admit the men: is the adulterer asleep al-
 "ready?"—
 She bids a youth hasten with an assumed hood:
 If there be none, she rushes on slaves: if you take away the
 hope 330

Of having slaves, let an hired water-bearer come: if he
 Be sought, and men are wanting, there's no delay thro' her,
 That she cannot prostitute herself to an ass.
 I could wish the ancient rites, and the public worship,
 Might at least be observed untouched by these evils: but all
 The Moors, and Indians, know what singing-wench brought
 A stock of impudence, more full than the two Anticato of
 Cæsar,

Thither, from whence a mouse flieth, conscious that he is a
 male;

Where every picture is commanded to be cover'd,
 Which imitates the figure of the other sex. 340

And who of men was then a despiser of the deity? or who
 Dared to deride the wooden bowl of Numa, and the black dish,
 And the brittle ware from the Vatican mount?
 But now at what altars is there not a Clodius?

I hear what ancient friends would formerly advise.
 Put a lock—restrain her. But who will keep her very
 Keepers? your wife is sly, and begins from these.
 And, now-a-days, there is the same lust in the highest and in
 the lowest.

Nor is she better who wears out the black flint with her foot,
 Than she who is carried on the shoulders of tall Syrians. 350

That she may see plays, Ogulnia hires a garment,
 She hires attendants, a chair, a pillow, female friends,
 A nurse, and a yellow-haired girl to whom she may give her
 commands.

Yet she, whatever remains of her paternal money,
 And her last place, gives to smooth wrestlers.
 Many are in narrow circumstances: but none has the shame
 Of poverty, nor measures herself at that measure
 Which this has given, and laid down. Yet what may be useful
 Sometimes men foresee; and cold and hunger, at length
 Some have fear'd, being taught it by the ant. 360

A prodigal woman does not perceive a perishing income:
 But, as if money reviving would increase in the exhausted
 chest,

And would always be taken from a full heap,
 She never considers how much her pleasures cost her.

There are some weak eunuchs, and their soft kisses
 Will always delight, and the despair of a beard,
 Also that there is no need of an abortive. But that
 Pleasure is the chief, that adults, now in warm youth,
 Are deliver'd to the surgeons, now bearing signs of puberty.
 Heliodorus, the surgeon, performs the operation 370

When all is full grown, all but the beard,
Which is the barber's loss only.

Afar off conspicuous, and observable by all, he enters
The baths, nor does this eunuch, made so by his mistress,
Doubtfully vie with the keeper of the vines and gardens:
Let him sleep with his mistress: but do you, Posthumus,
Take care how you put your boy Bromius in his power.

If she delights in singing, no public performer
Can keep himself safe. The musical instruments are always
In her hands: thick, on the whole lute, sparkle ³⁸⁰
Sardonyxes: the chords are run over in order with the trembling
quill,

With which the tender Hedymeles perform'd: this she keeps,
With this she solaces herself, and indulges kisses to the grateful
quill.

A certain lady, of the number of the Lamiae, and of high name,
With meal and wine ask'd Janus and Vesta,
Whether Pollio ought for the Capitolinian oak
To hope, and promise it to his instrument. What could she do
more

If her husband were sick? what, the physicians being sad, to-
wards

Her little son? she stood before the altar, nor thought it shame-
ful ³⁸⁹

To veil her head for a harp: and she uttered words dictated,
(As the custom is,) and grew pale when the lamb was opened.

"Tell me now, I pray, tell me, O thou most ancient of gods,
"Father Janus, do you answer these? the leisure of heaven is
"great;

"There is not, (as I see,) there is not any thing that is done
"among you.

"This (lady) consults you about comedians: another would
"recommend

"A tragedian: the soothsayer will have swelled legs."

But rather let her sing, than audacious she should fly over the
whole

Town, and then she should endure assemblies of men;
And with captains in military attire, in the presence of her
husband,

Converse, with an unembarrassed countenance, and with bare
breasts. ⁴⁰⁰

This same knows what may be doing all the world over:
What the Seres and Thracians may be doing: the secret of a
stepmother

And her boy: who may love: what adulterer may be deceived;

She will tell who made a widow pregnant, and in what
Month: with what language every woman intrigues, and in
how many ways.

The comet threatening the Armenian and Parthian kings
She first sees: report, and recent rumours,
She catches up at the doors; some she makes: that the Nip-
phites had gone

Over the people, and that there all the fields were occupied
By a great deluge: that cities totter, and lands sink, 410
She tells in every public street, to whomsoever she meets.

Nor yet is that fault more intolerable, than that
To seize, and slash with whips her humble neighbours,
Entreated she is wont: for if by barkings her sound
Sleep is broken; "Clubs," says she, "hither quickly
"Bring"—and with them commands the master first to be
beaten,

Then the dog. Terrible to be met, and most frightful in coun-
tenance,

She goes by night to the baths: her conchs and baggage she
commands

To be moved by night: she rejoices to sweat with great tumult,
When her arms have fallen, tired with the heavy mass, 420
And the sly anointer has played her an unlucky trick,
By taking undue liberties with her person,
(Her miserable guests in the mean time are urged with sleep
and hunger,)

At last she comes somewhat ruddy, thirsting after
A whole flagon, which, in a full pitcher, is presented, 425
Placed at her feet; of which another sextary

Is drunk up before meat, to provoke an eager appetite,
Till it returns, and strikes the ground with her washed inside.

Rivers hasten on the pavement, or of Falernan the wide
Bason smells: for thus, as if into a deep cask a long 430
Serpent had fallen, she drinks and vomits. Therefore her hus-
band

Turns sick, and restrains his choler with his eyes covered.

Yet she is more irksome, who, when she begins to sit at table,
Praises Virgil, and forgives Elisa about to die:

She matches the poets, and compares them; then Virgil, 435
And, on the other part, Homer, she suspends in a scale.

The grammarians yield, the rhetoricians are overcome,
All the crowd is silent; neither lawyer, nor crier, can speak,
Nor any other woman: there falls so great a force of words:
You would say, that so many basons, so many bells were
struck 440

Together. Now let nobody weary trumpets, or brass kettles,
She alone could succour the labouring moon.

She, a wise woman, imposes the end to things honest.
Now she who desires to seem too learned and eloquent,
Ought to bind her coats up to the middle of her leg, 445
And slay an hog for Sylvanus, and wash for a farthing.

Let not the matron, that joined to you lies by you, have
A method of haranguing, nor let her twist, with turned discourse,
The short enthymeme, nor let her know all histories:
But some things from books, and not understand them. I hate 451
Her who repeats, and turns over, the art of Palæmon,
The law and manner of speaking being always preserved,
And, an antiquarian, holds forth to me unknown verses,
And corrects the words of her clownish friend
Not to be noticed by men. Let it be allowable for her husband 455
to have made a solecism.

There is nothing a woman does not allow herself in; she
thinks nothing base,

When she has placed green gems round her neck, and when
She has committed large pearls to her extended ears:
Nothing is more intolerable than a rich woman.
Meanwhile, filthy to behold, and to be laughed at, her face 460
Swells with much paste, or breathes fat Poppæan,
And hence the lips of her miserable husband are glued together.
To an adulterer she will come with a wash'd skin: when is she
Willing to seem handsome at home? perfumes are prepared for
her

Gallants: for these is bought whatever the slender Indians send
hither. 465

At length she opens her countenance, and lays by her first cov-
erings:

She begins to be known, and is cherish'd with that milk,
On account of which she leads forth with her she-asses her at-
tendants,

If an exile she be sent to the Hyperborean axis.

But that which is cover'd over, and cherish'd with so many 470
changed

Medicaments, and receives cakes of baked and wet flour,
Shall it be called a face, or an ulcer?

It is worth while, to know exactly, for a whole
Day, what they do, and how they employ themselves. If at
night

The husband hath lain turned away, the housekeeper is undone,
the tire-women 475

Strip, the Liburnan is said to have come late,

And to be punish'd for another's sleep
Is compell'd: one breaks ferules, another reddens with the whip,
Another with the thong: there are some who pay tormentors
by the year.

He beats, and she, by the bye, daubs her face; listens to her
friends, 480

Or contemplates the broad gold of an embroider'd garment:
And as he beats, she reads over the transactions of a long jour-
nal:

And still he beats, till the beaters being tir'd—"Go,"
(She horridly thunders out,) "now the examination is finish'd."
The government of the house is not milder than a Sicilian
court: 485

For if she has made an assignation, and wishes more becom-
ingly than usual

To be dressed, and is in a hurry, and now waited for in the
gardens,

Or rather at the temple of the bawd Isis,
Unhappy Psecas arranges her hair, herself with torn locks,
Naked to the shoulders, and with naked breasts.— 490

"Why is this curl higher?"—The bull's hide immediately pun-
ishes

The crime and fault of a curled lock.

What has Psecas committed? what is here the fault of the girl,
If your nose has displeased you? Another extends

The left side, and combs the locks, and rolls them into a circle.
A matron is in council, and who, put to the wool, 495

Ceases from the discharged crimping-pin: her opinion
Shall be first; after her, those who are inferior in age and art
Shall judge: as if the hazard of her reputation, or of her life,
Were in question; of so great importance is the concern of get-
ting beauty. 500

She presses with so many rows, and still builds with so many
joinings,

Her high head, that you will see Andromache in front:
Behind she is less: you'd believe her another. Excuse her if
She be allotted a short space of small waist, and seem shorter
Than a Pygmean virgin, help'd by no high-soled shoes, 505
And arises to kisses light with an erect foot.

In the meanwhile no concern for her husband, no mention
made

Of damages: she lives as the neighbor of her husband:
In this only nearer, that she hates the friends of her husband,
And his servants; she is grievous to his affairs.

——Behold of mad 510

Bellona, and of the mother of the gods, a chorus enters, and a
great

Half-man, a reverend face with little manhood,
Who has cut his tender genitals with a broken shell:

To whom, now long, an hoarse troop—to whom the plebeian
tabours

Yield, and his cheek is clothed with a Phrygian turbant: 515

Loudly he sounds forth—and commands the coming of September, and of the

South-wind, to be dreaded, unless she purify herself with an
hundred eggs,

And give to him old murrey-colour'd garments:

That whatever of sudden and great danger impends,

May go into the clothes, and may expiate the whole year at
once. 520

She will descend (the ice being broken) into the wint'ry river,

Three times be dipp'd in the early Tiber, and in the very

Whirlpools wash her fearful head: then, the whole

Field of the proud king, naked and trembling, with bloody

Knees she will crawl over.—If the white Io should command,

She will go to the end of Egypt, and will bring waters fetch'd

From warm Meroe, that she may sprinkle them in the temple

Of Isis, which rises next to the old sheepfold.

For she thinks herself admonish'd by the voice of the mistress
herself.

Lo! the soul and mind, with which the gods can speak by
night! 530

Therefore he gains the chief and highest honour,

Who (surrounded with a linen-bearing flock, and a bald tribe

Of lamenting people) runs the derider of Anubis.

He seeks pardon, as often as the wife does not abstain

From her husband, on sacred and observable days, 535

And a great punishment is due for a violated coverlet:

And the silver serpent seems to have moved its head.

His tears and meditated murmurs prevail,

That Osiris will not refuse pardon, by a great goose,

That is to say, and a thin cake, corrupted. 540

When he has given place, her basket and hay being left,

A trembling Jewess begs into the secret ear,

Interpretest of the laws of Solyma, high priestess

Of a tree, and a faithful messenger of high heaven.

And she fills her hand, but very sparingly: for a small piece of
money, 545

The Jews sell whatever dreams you may choose.

But an Armenian or Commagenian soothsayer promises

A tender love, or a large will of a childless rich man,
 Having handled the lungs of a warm dove:
 He searches the breasts of chickens, and the bowels of a
 whelp, 550
 And sometimes of a child: he will do what he himself would
 betray.

But her confidence in Chaldeans will be greater: whatever
 An astrologer shall say, they think brought from the fount
 Of Hammon: because the Delphic oracles cease, 555
 And a darkness of futurity condemns the human race.
 Yet the most eminent of these is he who has been oftenest an
 exile,

By whose friendship, and by whose hired tablet,
 A great citizen died, and one fear'd by Otho:
 Thence confidence [is given] to his art, if with iron his right
 hand has clatter'd,
 And his left: if he has remained in the long confinement of
 camps. 560

No astrologer uncondemn'd will have a genius;
 But he who has almost perished: to whom to be sent to the
 Cyclades

It has scarcely happened, and at length to have been freed from
 little Seriphus.

Your Tanaquil consults him about the lingering death of her
 jaundic'd

Mother; but, before this, concerning you: when her sister she
 may 565

Bury, and her uncles; whether the adulterer will live
 After her: for what greater thing can the gods bestow?—
 These things, however, she is ignorant of—what the baleful
 star

Of Saturn may threaten, with what star propitious Venus may
 shew herself,

What month for loss, what times are given for gain. 570

Remember also to avoid the meeting of her

In whose hands, like fat amber, you see worn

Diaries: who consults no one, and now is

Consulted: who, her husband going to the camp, and his coun-
 try,

Will not go with him, called back by the numbers of 'Thra-
 syllus. 575

When she pleases to be carried to the first stone, the hour
 Is taken from her book: if the rubb'd angle of her eye
 Itches, she asks for eye-salve, her nativity being inspected:
 Tho' she lie sick, no hour seems more apt

For taking food, than that which Petosiris has allotted.
If she be in a middle station, she will survey each space
Of the goals, and will draw lots; and her forehead and hand
She will shew to a prophet, who asks a frequent stroking.
To the rich a Phrygian augur will give answers, and an hired
Indian, skilled in the stars and sphere, will give them; ⁵⁸⁵
And some elder who hides the public lightning.
The plebeian fate is placed in the Circus, and in the mount:
She who shews no long gold on her neck,
Consults before the Phalæ, and the pillars of the dolphins,
Whether she shall marry the blanket-seller, the victualler being
left

Yet these undergo the peril of child-birth, and bear all
The fatigues of a nurse, their fortune urging them:
But hardly any lying-in woman lies in a gilded bed;
So much do the arts, so much the medicines of such a one pre-
vail,

Who causes barrenness, and conduces to kill men in the ⁵⁹⁵
Womb. Rejoice, thou wretch, and do thou thyself reach forth
To be drunk whatever it may be: for if she is willing to distend,
And disturb her womb with leaping children, you may be,
Perhaps, the father of a blackmoor: soon a discolour'd heir
May fill your will, never to be seen by you in a morning.

I pass by supposititious children, and the joys, and vows, often
Deceived at the dirty lakes, and the Salian priests fetch'd
From thence, who are to bear the names of the Scauri
In a false body. Waggish Fortune stands by night
Smiling on the naked infants; all these she cherishes, ⁶⁰⁵
And wraps in her bosom, then conveys them to high houses,
And prepares a secret farce for herself: these she loves,
With these she charges herself, and, laughing, produces her own
foster-children.

One brings magical incantations, another sells Thessalian
Philtres, by which they can vex the mind of her husband,
And clap his posteriors with a slipper: that you are foolish is
from thence;
Thence darkness of mind, and great forgetfulness of things,
Which you did but just now. Yet this is tolerable, if you don't
Begin to rave too, as that uncle of Nero,
For whom Cæsonia infused the whole forehead of a trembling
colt ⁶¹⁵

What woman will not do what the wife of a prince did?
All things were burning, and fell to pieces, the bond
Being broken, not otherwise than if Juno had made her husband
Mad. Less hurtful therefore was the mushroom of Agrippa:

For that oppressed the bowels of one old man,
 And commanded his trembling head to descend into
 Heaven, and his lips flowing with long slaver.
 This portion calls for the sword, and fire, this torments,
 This tears to pieces senators, mixed with the blood of knights.
 Of so great consequence is the offspring of a mare: of so much
 importance is one witch. 625

They hate the offspring of the husband's mistress: nobody
 opposes.

Nobody forbids it: now-a-days it is right to kill a son-in-law.
 Ye, O orphans, who have a large estate, I admonish;
 Take care of your lives, and trust no table;
 The livid fat meats are warm with maternal poison.
 Let some one bite before you whatever she who bore you
 Shall offer you, let the timid tutor taste first the cups.

Surely we feign these things, satire assuming the lofty buskin;
 Having exceeded the bound and law of all that went before,
 We rant forth lofty verse in Sophoclean strains, 635
 Unknown to the Rutulian mountains, and to the Latin climate.
 I would we were false! but Pontia cries out—"I have done it!
 "I confess I have prepared poisons for my boys;—
 "Which discover'd are evident: but the deed I myself perpe-
 "trated."—

"Didst thou, O most savage viper, destroy two at one meal?
 "Didst thou two?"—"Yes, seven, if haply seven there had
 "been."

Let us believe whatever is said in tragedies of cruel
 Colchis, and Progne. I endeavour nothing against it: and those
 women

Dared in their day (to commit) great enormities, but
 Not for the sake of money. But little wonder is due 645
 To the greatest enormities, as often as anger makes this sex
 Mischievous, and, rage inflaming the liver, they are
 Carried headlong: as stones broken off from hills, from which
 the mountain

Is withdrawn, and the side recedes from the hanging cliff.

I could not bear her, who deliberates, and commits a great
 crime 650

While in her sound mind. They behold Alceste undergoing
 the fate

Of her husband, and, if a like exchange were allowed,
 They would desire to preserve the life of a lap-dog by the death
 of an husband.

Many Belides will meet you, and Eriphylæ:

No street but will have every morning a Clytemnestra. 655

This is the only difference, that Tyndaris held a stupid
And foolish axe, with her right hand and her left:
But now the thing is done with the small lungs of a toad;
But yet with a sword too, if cautious Atrides has beforehand
tasted
The Pontic medicines of the thrice-conquer'd king.

660

SATIRE VII.

ARGUMENT.

This Satire is addressed to Telesinus, a poet. Juvenal laments the neglect of encouraging learning. That Cæsar only is the patron of the fine arts. As for the rest of the great and noble Romans, they gave no heed to the protection of poets, historians, lawyers, rhetoricians, grammarians, &c. These last were not only ill paid, but even forced to go to law for the poor pittance which they had earned, by the fatigue and labour of teaching school.

BOTH the hope, and reason of studies, is in Cæsar only :
For he only, at this time, hath regarded the mournful Muses,
When now our famous and noted poets would try
To hire a small bath at Gabii, or ovens at Rome :
Nor would others think it mean, nor base,
To become criers ; when, the valleys of Aganippe
Being deserted, hungry Clio would migrate to court-yards.
For if not a farthing is shewn to you in the Pierian shade,
You may love the name, and livelihood of Machæra ;
And rather sell what the intrusted auction sells
To the standers by, a pot, tripods, book-cases, chests,
The Aleithoe of Paccius, the Thebes and Tereus of Faustus.
This is better than if you said before a judge, "I have seen,"
What you have not seen : tho' the Asiatic knights
And the Cappadocians may do this, and the knights of Bithy-
nia,
Whom the other Gaul brings over barefoot.
But nobody to undergo a toil unworthy his studies
Hereafter shall be compelled, whoe'er he be that joins, to tuneful
Measures, melodious eloquence, and hath bitten the laurel.
Mind this, young men, the indulgence of the emperor
Has its eye upon, and encourages you, and seeks matter for
itself.
If you think protectors of your affairs are to be expected
From elsewhere, and therefore the parchment of your saffron-
colour'd tablet
Is filled, get some wood quickly, and what

You compose, Telesinus, give to the husband of Venus: 25
 Or shut up, and bore thro' with the moth your books laid by.
 Wretch, break your pens, and blot out your watched battles,
 Who makest sublime verses in a small cell,
 That you may become worthy of ivy, and a lean image.
 There is no farther hope: a rich miser hath now learnt 30
 As much to admire, as much to praise witty men,
 As boys the bird of Juno. But your age, patient of the sea,
 And of the helmet, and of the spade, passes away.
 Then weariness comes upon the spirits; then, eloquent
 And naked old age hates both itself and its Terpsichore. 35
 Hear now his arts, lest he whom you court should give you
 Any thing: both the temple of the Muses, and of Apollo, being
 forsaken,
 Himself makes verses, and yields to Homer alone,
 Because a thousand years [before him.] But if, with the desire
 of fame
 Inflamed, you repeat your verses, Maculonus lends a house; 40
 And the house strongly barr'd is commanded to serve you,
 In which the door imitates anxious gates.
 He knows how to place his freedmen, sitting in the extreme
 part
 Of the rows, and to dispose the loud voices of his attendants.
 None of these great men will give as much as the benches may 45
 cost,
 And the stairs which hang from the hired beam,
 And the orchestra, which is set with chairs, which are to be
 carried back.
 Yet we still go on, and draw furrows in the light
 Dust, and turn up the shore with a barren plough.
 For if you would leave off, custom of ambitious evil 50
 Holds you in a snare: many an incurable ill habit of writing
 Possesses, and grows inveterate in the distemper'd heart.
 But the excellent poet, who has no common vein,
 Who is wont to produce nothing trifling, nor who
 Composer trivial verse in a common style, 55
 Him (such a one I can't shew, and only conceive)
 A mind free from anxiety makes: of every thing displeasing
 Impatient, desirous of woods, and disposed for drinking the
 Fountains of the Muses: for neither to sing in the
 Pierian cave, or to handle the thyrsus, is poverty 60
 Sober, and void of money, (which night and day the body
 wants,)
 Able. Horace is satisfied when he says—Euhoe!
 What place is there for genius, unless when with verse alone

Our minds trouble themselves, and by the lords of Cirrha and Nisa

Are carried on, not admitting two cares at once? 65

It is the work of a great mind, not of one that is amazed about
Getting a blanket, to behold chariots, and horses, and the faces
Of the gods, and what an Erinnys confounded the Rutulian:
For if a boy, and a tolerable lodging had been wanting to Virgil,
All the snakes would have fallen from her hairs: 70

The silent trumpet have groan'd nothing disastrous. Do we
require

That Rubrenus Lappa should not be less than the ancient
buskin,

Whose platters, and cloke, Atreus had laid in pawn?

Unhappy Numitor has not what he can send to a friend;

He has what he can give to Quintilla: nor was there wanting
to him 75

Wherewithal he might buy a lion, to be fed with much flesh,

Already tamed. The beast stands him in less expense,

Doubtless, and the intestines of a poet hold more.

Lucan, content with fame, may lie in gardens adorn'd with
Marble: but to Serranus, and to thin Seleius, 80

What will ever so much fame be, if it be only fame?

They run to the pleasing voice, and poem of the favourite

Thebais, when Statius has made the city glad,

And has promised a day: with so great sweetness does he affect

The captivated minds, and is heard with so much eager desire

Of the vulgar: but when he has broken the benches with his
verse, 85

He hungers, unless he should sell his untouched Agave to Paris.

He also bestows military honour on many;

He binds round the fingers of poets with Semestrian gold.

What nobles do not give, an actor will. Dost thou trouble
thine 90

Head about the Camerini and Bareæ, and the great courts of
nobles?

Pelopea makes prefects, Philomela tribunes.

Yet envy not the poet whom the stage maintains.

Who is your Mæcenas? who now will be either a Proculeis,

Or a Fabius? who a second Cotta? who another Lentulus? 95

Then reward was equal to genius: then 'twas useful to many

To be pale, and to know nothing of wine for a whole December.

Moreover your labour, ye writers of histories, is more

Abundant: this demands more time, and more oil;

For the thousandth page, forgetful of measure, arises 100

To ye all, and increases ruinous with much paper:

Thus the great number of things ordains, and the law of (such) works.

What harvest is from thence? what fruit of the far-extended ground?

Who will give an historian as much as he would give to a collector of the registers? 104

But they are an idle race, which rejoices in a couch or a shade. Tell me then, what civil offices afford to the lawyers, And the libels their attendants in a great bundle?

They make a great noise, but especially then, when the creditor Hears, or if one, more keen than he, has touched his side, Who comes with a great book to a doubtful debt: 110

Then his hollow bellows breathe out prodigious lies, And his bosom is spit upon. But if you would discover the Profit, put the patrimony of an hundred lawyers on one side, And on the other that of the red-clad Lacerta only.

The chiefs are set down together, thou risest a pale Ajax, 115
In order to plead about doubtful freedom, Bubulcus Being judge: break, wretch, your stretched liver, that, to you fatigued,

Green palms may be fixed up, the glory of your stairs.

What is the reward of your voice? a dry bit of salt bacon, and a vessel

Of sprats, or old bulbous roots which come monthly from Africa, 120

Or wine brought down the Tiber: five flagons,

If you have pleaded four times—If one piece of gold befalls, From thence shares fall, according to the agreement of pragmatics.

To Æmilius will be given as much as he will ask; and we have Pleaded better: for a brazen chariot stands, and four stately 125
Horses in his vestibules, and himself on a fierce

War-horse sitting, brandishes a bent spear

Aloft, and meditates battle with a blinking statue.

Thus Pedo breaks—Matho fails: this is the end

Of Tongillus, who to bathe with large rhinoceros 130

Is wont, and vexes the baths with a dirty crowd;

And thro' the forum presses the young Medes with a long pole,

Going to buy boys, silver, vessels of myrrh, and villas;

For his foreign purple with Tyrian thread promises for him.

And yet this is useful to them; purple sells 135

The lawyer, violet-colour'd robes sell him: it suits them

To live with the bustle and appearance of a greater income.

But prodigal Rome observes no bounds to expense.

Tho' the ancients should return, nobody would give Cicero

Now-a-days two hundred sesterces, unless a great ring shone.
 He that litigates regards this first, whether you have eight ¹⁴¹
 Servants, ten attendants, whether a chair is after you,
 Gownsmen before your steps. Therefore Paulus pleaded with
 an hired

Sardonyx, and therefore pleaded at a higher fee than
 Cossus or than Basilus. Eloquence is rare in a mean clothing.
 When can Basilus produce a weeping mother? ¹⁴⁶

Who will bear Basilus (tho') speaking well? let Gallia
 Receive you, or rather, that nurse of lawyers,
 Africa, if it has pleased you to set a reward upon your tongue.
 Do you teach to declaim? O the iron heart of Vectius? ¹⁵⁰

When a numerous class hath destroy'd cruel tyrants:
 For whatever sitting, it has just read, these same things standing,
 It will utter, and rehearse the same, over and over, in the same
 verses.

The cabbage repeated kills the miserable masters.
 What the colour, and what the kind of cause, and where ¹⁵⁵
 The chief question, what arrows may come from the contrary
 party,

All would know, nobody pay the reward.
 Do you call for your reward?—what, forsooth, do I know?
 The fault of the Teacher

You may be sure is blamed, because in the left part of the
 breast

The Arcadian youth hath nothing that leaps, whose dire Han-
 nibal, ¹⁶⁰

Every sixth day, fills my miserable head:
 Whatever it be concerning which he deliberates, whether he
 should go to the city

From Cannæ, or after showers and thunder cautious,
 He should wheel about his troops wet with the tempest.
 Bargain for as much as you please, and immediately take what
 I give, ¹⁶⁵

That his father should hear him as often. But six other
 Sophists, and more, cry together with one mouth,
 And agitate real causes, the ravisher being left:
 The mixed poisons are silent, the bad and ungrateful husband,
 And what medicines now heal old blind men. ¹⁷⁰

Therefore he will discharge himself, if my counsels will
 Move; and he will enter upon a different walk in life,
 Who has descended from the rhetorical shadow to real engage-
 ment,

Lest the small sum should perish, from which cometh a vile
 Wheat-ticket: for this is a most splendid reward. Try ¹⁷⁵

For how much Chrysogonus teaches, or Pollio the children
Of the quality, dividing the art of Theodorus.
Baths are at six hundred sestertia, and a portico at more, in
which

The lord is carried when it rains: can he wait for
Fair weather, or dash his cattle with fresh mud? 180
Here rather, for here the hoof of the clean mule shines.

In another part, propp'd with tall Numidian pillars,
A supper-room arises, and will snatch the cool sun.
Whatever the house cost, one will come who composes skilfully
Dishes of meat, and one who seasons soups. 185

Amidst these expenses, two sestertiums, as a great deal,
Will suffice for Quintilian. Nothing will cost a father
Less than a son. Whence, therefore, hath
Quintilian so many forests?—The examples of new fates 190
Pass over: the fortunate is handsome, and witty,
The fortunate is wise, and noble, and generous,
And subjoins the moon set upon his black shoe.
The fortunate is also a great orator, a dart-thrower,
And, if he be hoarse, sings well: for there is a difference what
Stars receive you, when you first begin 195

To send forth crying, and are yet red from your mother.
If Fortune please, you will from a rhetorician become a consul:
If this same please, you will from a consul become a rhetorician.
For what was Ventidius? what Tullius? was it other than
A star, and the wonderful power of hidden fate? 200

The fates will give kingdoms to slaves, triumphs to captives.
Yet that fortunate person is also more rare than a white crow.
Many have repented the vain and barren chair,
As the exit of Thrasy-machus proves, and of Secundus
Carrinas, and him whom poor you saw, O Athens, 205
Daring to bestow nothing but cold hemlock.

Grant, ye gods, to the shades of our ancestors, thin earth, and
without weight,
And breathing crocusses, and perpetual spring upon their urn,
Who would have a preceptor to be in the place of a sacred
Parent. Achilles, now grown up, fearing the rod, 210
Sang in his paternal mountains; and from whom then
Would not the tail of the harper his master have drawn forth
laughter?

But Ruffus, and others, each of their own young men strike;
Ruffus, who so often called Cicero an Allobrogian.
Who brings to the lap of Enceladus, or of the learned Palæ-
mon, 215

As much as grammatical labour has deserved? and yet from
this,

Whatever it be, (but it is less than the money of the rhetorician,)
 Acœnitus himself, the keeper of the scholar, snips,
 And he who manages, breaks off some for himself. Yield,
 Palæmon,

And suffer something to decrease from thence, not otherwise
 than 220

A dealer in winter-rug, and white blanket.

Only let it not be lost, that from the midnight hour

You have sat, in which no smith, in which nobody would sit,

Who teaches to draw out wool with the crooked iron :

Only let it not be lost to have smelt as many lamps 225

As boys were standing, when all discolour'd was

Horace, and soot stuck to black Virgil.

Yet pay is rare which may not want the cognizance

Of the Tribune.—But impose ye cruel laws,

That the rule of words should be clear to the preceptor : 230

That he should read histories, should know all authors

As well as his own nails and fingers; that, by chance, being
 ask'd

While he is going to the hot baths, or the baths of Phœbus, he
 should tell

The nurse of Anchises, the name and country of the step-
 mother 240

Of Archemorus : should tell how many years Acestes lived :

How many urns of wine the Sicilian presented to the Phrygians.

Require, that he should form the tender manners as with his
 thumb,

As if one makes a face with wax : require, that he should be

Even a father of his flock, lest they should play base tricks,

And corrupt each other : it is no light matter to watch 245

The conduct of so many boys, and their wanton looks.

These things, says he, take care of—but when the year turns
 itself,

Accept a piece of gold, which the people require for a conqueror.

SATIRE VIII.

ARGUMENT.

In this Satire the Poet proves, that true nobility does not consist in statues and pedigrees, but in honourable and good actions. And, in opposition to persons nobly born, who are a disgrace to their family, he displays the worth of many who were meanly born, as Cicero, Marius, Serv. Tullius, and the Decii.

What do pedigrees? what avails it, Ponticus, to be valued
By a long descent, and to shew the painted countenances
Of ancestors, and Æmilii standing in chariots,
And Curii now half, and less by a shoulder
Corvinus, and Galba wanting ears and nose? 5
What fruit to boast of Corvinus in the capacious table
Of kindred, and after him to deduce, by many a branch,
Smoky masters of the knights, with a Dictator,
If before the Lepidi you live ill? wither (tend) the effigies
Of so many warriors, if the nightly die be played with 10
Before the Numantii? if you begin to sleep at the rising of
Lucifer, at which those generals were moving their standards
and camps?
Why should Fabius, born in a Herculean family, rejoice
In the Allobroges, and the great altar, if covetous, if
Vain, and never so much softer than an Euganean lamb? 15
If, having rubb'd his tender loins with a Catinensian pumice
He shames his dirty ancestors—and, a buyer of poison,
He saddens the miserable family with an image to be broken?
Tho' the old waxen figures should adorn the courts on all sides,
VIRTUE IS THE ONLY AND SINGLE NOBILITY. 20
Be thou in morals Paulus, or Cossus, or Drusus;
Put these before the effigies of your ancestors:
Let then, you being consul, precede the fasces themselves.
You owe me first the virtues of the mind—do you deserve
To be accounted honest, and tenacious of justice, in word and 25
deed?

I acknowledge the nobleman.—Hail, Getulian!—or thou,
Silanus, from whatever other blood, a rare, and
Choice citizen, thou befallst thy triumphing country.
We may exclaim, what the people call out to Osiris

When found.—But who would call him noble, who is 30
 Unworthy his race, and for an illustrious name only
 Remarkable? We call the dwarf of some one, Atlas:
 An Ethiopian, a swan: a little and deformed wench,
 Europa: to slow dogs, and with an old mange
 Smooth, and licking the mouths of a dry lamp, 35
 The name of lion, leopard, tiger shall belong; and if there be
 yet

Any thing on earth that rages more violently. Therefore be-
 ware,

And dread, lest thou should'st thus be Creticus, or Camerinus.

Whom have I admonished by these things? with thee is my
 discourse,

Rubellius Plautus: you swell with the high blood of the Drusi,
 as if 40

You yourself had done something, for which you should be
 noble;

That she should have conceived you, who shines with the blood
 of Iulus,

Not she who, being hired, has woven under the windy mount.

"Ye are low," say you, "the last part of our common people;

"Of whom none can shew the country of his parent: 45

"But I am a Cecropian."—May you live—and long enjoy the
 happiness

Of this origin: yet, from the lowest of the people, an eloquent
 Roman

You will find: this is used to defend the causes of an

Unlearned nobleman: there will come from the gowned people

Another, who can untie the knots of right, and the riddles of the
 laws. 50

This youth seeks the Euphrates, and of conquer'd Batavus

The guardian eagles, industrious in arms; but thou

Art nothing but a Cecropian, and most like to a mutilated Herma;

For you excel from no other difference, than that

He has a marble head, your image lives. 55

Tell me, thou offspring of the Trojans, who thinks dumb ani-
 mals

Noble, unless strong? for thus a swift

Horse we praise, for whom many a kind hand

Glow, and victory exults in the hoarse circus.

He is noble, from whatever pasture he comes, whose flight 60

Is famous before the others, and whose dust is first on the plain.

But the cattle of Corytha are set to sale, and the posterity of

Hirpinus, if rare victory sits on their yoke.

There is no respect of ancestors, no favour

Of shades; they are commanded to change their masters 65
 For small prices, and draw waggons with a worn neck,
 Slow of foot, and worthy to turn the mill of Nepos.

Therefore that we may admire you, not yours, first shew something,

Which I may inscribe among your titles besides your honours,
 Which we give, and have given, to them to whom you owe all.

These things are enough to the youth, whom fame delivers 71
 to us

Proud, and puffed up, and full of his kinsman Nero.

For common sense is, for the most part, rare in that

Condition. But to have thee esteemed from the praise of your 74
 ancestors,

Ponticus, I should be unwilling, so as that yourself should do
 Nothing of future praise: 'TIS MISERABLE TO REST ON ANOTHER'S

FAME,

Lest the house fallen, by the pillars being taken away, should
 tumble into ruins.

The vine strow'd on the ground wants the widow'd elms.

Be you a good soldier, a faithful tutor, an uncorrupted

Umpire also: if you are summoned as a witness in a doubtful

And uncertain thing, tho' Phalaris should command that you

Should be false, and should dictate perjuries with the bull brought
 to you,

BELIEVE IT THE HIGHEST IMPIETY TO PREFER LIFE TO REPUTATION,
 And, for the sake of life, to lose the causes of living. 84

He perishes worthy of death, tho' he should sup on an hundred
 Gaurane oysters, and should be immersed in the whole caldron
 of Cosmus.

When at length the province, long expected, shall receive you
 Governor, put checks to anger, and measure also

Put to covetousness: pity the poor associates. 89

You see the bones of kings exhausted, with empty marrow.

Regard what the laws may admonish, what the state command;

How great rewards may await the good; with how just a stroke

Both Capito and Tutor fell, the senate condemning,

The robbers of the Cilicians: but what does condemnation avail

When Pansa can seize whatever Natta left you? 95

Look about for a crier, Chærippus, for your rags,

And now be silent: it is madness, after all, to lose your freight.

There were not the same complaints formerly, nor was the
 wound of

Losses equal, when our associates flourished, and were just
 conquer'd.

Then every house was full, and there was standing a great heap

Of money, a Spartan cloak, purples of Cos, 101
 And with pictures of Parrhasius, statues of Myron,
 The ivory of Phidias was living, also every where
 Much of the labour of Polyclethus: few tables without Mentor.
 Thence is Dolabella, and thence Antony, thence 105
 The sacrilegious Verres: they brought in lofty ships
 Hidden spoils, and more triumphs from peace.
 Now the associates have a few yokes of oxen, and a small herd
 of mares.

And the father of the herd will be taken away from the captured field.

Then the very household gods, if any remarkable image, 110
 If any one single god be in the small shrine. But these (crime)
 are

For chiefs, for these are greatest.—You may despise,
 Perhaps, the weak Rhodians, and anointed Corinth:
 You may deservedly despise them: what can effeminated
 youth

And the smooth legs of a whole nation do to you? 115
 Rough Spain is to be avoided, the Gallic axis,
 And the coast of Illyria: spare also those reapers
 Who supply the city, intent upon the circus, and the theatre.
 But how great rewards of so dire a crime will you bring from
 thence,

Since Marius has lately stripped the slender Africans? 120
 First care is to be taken, lest great injury be done
 To the brave and miserable; tho' you may take away entirely
 every thing

Of gold and silver, you will leave the shield and sword,
 And darts, and helmet:—arms remain to be plunder'd.
 What I now have proposed is not a mere opinion, but 125
 Believe me to recite to you a leaf of a Sibyl.

If you have a virtuous set of attendants; if no favourite
 Sells your seat of judgment; if no crime be in your wife;
 Nor thro' the districts, and thro' the towns, with crooked
 Talons, does she, a Celæno, contrive to go to seize money;
 Then, you may reckon your lineage from Picus, and, if high
 names 131

Delight you, you may place the whole Titanian battle,
 And Prometheus himself, among your ancestors:
 Take to yourself a great-grandfather from whatever book you
 please.

But if ambition, and lust, hurry you headlong, 135
 If you break rods in the blood of the allies, if thee
 Blunt axes delight, the lictor being tired,
 The nobility of your ancestors themselves begins to stand

Against you, and to carry a clear torch before your shameful deeds.

EVERY VICE OF THE MIND HAS BY SO MUCH MORE CONSPICUOUS ¹⁴⁰
BLAME, BY HOW MUCH HE THAT OFFENDS IS ACCOUNTED GREATER.
Wherefore to me boast yourself accustomed to sign false wills
In the temples, which your grandfather built, and before
The triumphal statue of your father? what, if a nightly adult-
erer,

You veil your cover'd temples with a Santonic hood? ¹⁴⁵

By the ashes of his ancestors, and their bones, in a swift
Chariot, fat Damasippus is whirl'd along, and he,
Himself, the consul, binds the wheel with many a drag.
By night indeed, but the moon sees, but the conscious stars
Fix their eyes upon him: when the time of honour is finished,
Damasippus, in the clear light, the whip will ¹⁵¹
Take, and no where tremble at the meeting of a friend
Now old, but will first make a sign, with his whip; and trusses
Of hay will loosen, and pour in barley to his tired beasts.
Mean time while he kills sheep, and the fierce bullock, ¹⁵⁵
After the manner of Numa, before the altars of Jove, he swears
by

Hippona, and faces painted at the stinking mangers:
But when he pleases to renew the watchful taverns,
A Syrophœnician, wet with a constant perfume, runs to
Meet him, a Syrophœnician inhabitant of the Idumæan gate;
With the affectation of an host, he salutes him lord and king;
And nimble Cyane with a venal flagon. ¹⁶²
A defender of his fault will say to me, "We also have done
"these things

"When young men." "Be it so—but you left off, nor farther
"Cherish'd your error.—Let that be short which you shamefully
"adventure."

Some crimes should be cut off with the first beard.
Indulge favour to boys. Damasippus goes to those
Cups of the hot baths, and to the inscribed linen,
Mature for the war of Armenia, and for defending the rivers
Of Syria, and for the Rhine and Ister. To make Ner ¹⁷⁰
Safe, this age is able. Send, Cæsar, send to Ostia,
But seek your legate in a great tavern.
You will find him lying by some cut-throat,
Mix'd with sailors, or thieves, or fugitives,
Among hangmen, or makers of coffins, ¹⁷⁵
And the ceasing drums of a priest of Cybele lying on his back.
There is equal liberty, cups in common, not another couch
To any one, nor a table more remote to any.

What would you do, Ponticus, if you had such a slave?
 You would surely send him among the Lucani, or the Tuscan
 workhouses. 180

But you, sons of Troy, forgive yourselves, and what things
 Are base to a cobbler, will become the Volesi or Bruti. .

What, if we never use so foul, and so shameful
 Examples, that worse cannot remain? 184

Thy riches consumed, thy voice, Damasippus, thou hast hired to
 The stage, that thou mightest act the noisy Phasma of Catullus.

Velox Lentulus also acted well Laureolus,

Worthy, I being judge, a real cross. Nor yet can you
 Excuse the very people: the front of this people is still harder,
 Who sits, and beholds the buffooneries of patricians: 190

Hears barefooted Fabii—who can laugh at the slaps
 Of the Mamerci. At what price they may sell their deaths
 What does it signify? they sell them, no Nero compelling,
 Nor doubt to sell them to the shows of the haughty prætor.
 But imagine the swords there, and put the stage here: 195

Which is best? has any one so feared death, that he should be
 Jealous of Thymele: the colleague of stupid Corinthus?

Yet it is not surprising, when the prince is a harper, that the
 noble

Is a mimic: after these things, what will there be but a play?
 and there

You have the disgrace of the city: Gracchus, neither in the
 arms of a Mirmillo, 200

Nor fighting with the shield, or held-up scythe,
 (For he condemns such habits, but he condemns and hates
 them,)

Nor hides his forehead with an helmet: behold he moves a
 trident,

After the nets, hanging from his balanced right-hand,
 He has cast in vain, his countenance naked to the scaffolds 205

He erects, and flies to be acknowledged over the whole arena.
 Let us trust to his tunic, since a golden wreath from his jaws
 Stretches itself, and is tossed from his long cap.

Therefore the Secutor bore an heavier ignominy than any
 Wound, being commanded to fight with Gracchus 210

If free suffrages were allowed the people, who is so
 Lost, as that he should doubt to prefer Seneca to Nero?
 For whose punishment there ought not to be prepared
 One ape, nor one serpent, nor one sack. 214

The crime of Orestes was equal; but the cause makes the thing
 Unlike, for he, the gods being commanders, was the avenger
 Of a father slain in the midst of his cups: but he neither

Polluted himself with the throat of Electra, nor with the blood
Of Spartan wedlock: poison for none of his relations
Did he mix. Orestes never sang upon the stage: 220
Never wrote Troics: for what ought Virginius with his arms
Rather avenge, or Galba with Vindex?
What did Nero in a tyranny so savage and bloody?
These are the works, and these the arts of a noble prince,
Rejoicing, with shameless song, on foreign states to be 225
Prostituted, and to have deserved the parsley of a Grecian
crown.

"Let the statues of your ancestors have the tokens of your voice,
"Before the feet of Domitius do thou place the long garment
"Of Thyestes: or of Antigone; or the mask of Menalippe:
"And suspend an harp from a marble colossus." 230

Who, Catiline, will find out any thing more noble than your
birth,
Or than that of Cethegus? but yet, nocturnal
Arms, and flames, for the houses and temples ye prepared,
As sons of the Gauls, or the posterity of the Senones,
Attempting what it would be right to punish with a pitched
coat: 235

But the consul is vigilant, and restrains your banners.
This new man of Arpinum, ignoble, and lately at Rome
A municipal knight, puts every where an helmeted
Safeguard for the astonished people, and labours every where.
Therefore the gown conferr'd on him, within the walls, more
fame 240

And honour, than Octavius brought away from Leucas, or from
The fields of Thessaly, by his sword wet

With continual slaughters. But Rome, the parent,
Rome set free, called Cicero the father of his country.
Another Arpinian, in the mountain of the Volsci, used 245
To demand wages, tired with the plough of another man;
After this he broke a knotty vine with his head,
If, idle, he fortified the camp with a lazy axe.

Yet he both the Cimbri, and the greatest dangers of affairs,
Sustains, and alone protects the trembling city. 250

And so, after to the Cimbri, and to the slaughter, the crows
Flew, who had never touched greater carcasses,
His noble colleague is adorned with the second laurel.

The souls of the Decii were plebeian, their names
Plebeian: yet these, for whole legions, and for all 255
Our auxiliaries, and for all the Latin common people,
Suffice for the infernal Gods, and parent Earth:
For the Decii were of more value than those who were saved
by them.

Born from a servant maid, the robe and diadem of Romulus,
And the fasces, the last of good kings deserved. 260
The youths of the counsel himself were opening the fastenings
Of the gates, betrayed to the exiled tyrants, and whom
Some great thing for doubtful liberty might have become,
Which Mutius, with Cocles, might admire, and the virgin
Who swam the Tiber, the bounds of our empire. 265
A slave, to be bewailed by matrons, produced their hidden
crimes
To the fathers: but stripes affected them with just
Punishment, and the first axe of the laws.
I had rather thy father were Thersites, so thou art
Like Achilles, and take in hand the Vulcanian arms, 270
Than that Achilles should produce thee like Thersites.
And yet, however far you may fetch, and far revolve
Your name, you deduce your race from an infamous asylum.
Whoever he, the first of your ancestors, was,
Either he was a shepherd, or that which I am unwilling to
say. 275

SATIRE IX.

ARGUMENT.

Juvenal, in this Satire, exposes and censures the detestable vice then practised at Rome. Some have thought that this is done too openly. So Farnaby—*Obscœnam cinædorum et pathicorum turpitudinem acriter, at nimis aperte insectatur.* Marshall says, that, on account of certain expressions in this Satire, Jul. C. Scaliger advised every man of probity to abstain from the whole work of Juvenal. But, surely, this is greatly mistaking the matter, and not adverting duly to the difference between such writers as exert their genius in the cause of vice, and so write upon it, as if they wished to recommend it to the imagination, and thus to the practice of mankind, (as Horace among the Romans, and Lord Rochester among us,) and such a writer as Juvenal, who exerted a fine genius, and an able pen, against vice, and, in particular, against that which is the chief object of this Satire; in which he sets it forth in such terms as to create a disgust and abhorrence, not only of those monsters of lewdness who practised it, but also of the vice itself: so that both might be avoided by the indignant reader, and be held in the highest detestation and horror. Such were our Poet's views in what he wrote, and therefore the plainness of his expressions he, doubtless, thought much more conducive to this desired end, as tending to render the subject the more shocking, than if he had contented himself with only touching it with the gentler hand of periphrasis, or circumlocution.

I WOULD know, why so often, Nævulus, you meet me,
Sad, with a clouded brow, like the conquered Marsyas.
What have you to do with a countenance, such as Ravola had
Discovered in his lewd commerce with Rhodope?
We give a box on the ear to a servant who licks biscuits. 5
Not more miserable than this face was Crepereius
Pollio, who, ready to pay triple interest,
Went about, and found not fools.—Whence on a sudden
So many wrinkles? certainly, content with a little, you acted
The knight-like slave, a facetious guest with biting jest, 10
And quick with witticisms born within the limits of the city.
All is now contrary: a heavy countenance, a rough wood
Of dry hair: no neatness in all your skin, such as
A bandage of warm glue daubed about you procured;
But your legs are neglected, and filthy with hair growing. 15

What means the leanness of an old sick man, whom for a long time

A fourth day parches, and a fever, long since familiar?
 You may discover the torments of a mind lurking in a sick
 Body, and you may discover joys: each habit the face
 Assumes from thence. Therefore you seem to have turned
 Your purpose, and to go contrary to your former life. 21.
 For lately (as I recollect) the temple of Isis, and the Ganymede
 Of (the temple of) Peace, and the secret courts of Cybele,
 And Ceres, (for in what temple does not a woman stand for
 hire?)

An adulterer; more known than Aufidius, you used to frequent, 25

And (which not to mention) to intrigue even with the very
 husbands.

NÆV. And this kind of life is useful to many, but I have no
 Reward of my pains from thence. Sometimes coarse garments,
 Defences of the gown, of an harsh and homely colour,
 And badly stricken with the slay of a Gallic weaver, 30
 We receive. Thin money, and of the second vein.
 The fates govern men. Fate attends even our
 Bodily accomplishments, for, if your stars fail you,
 The greatness of these is of no service:

Tho' Virro himself should view you with the utmost 35
 Desire, and kind, assiduous, and numerous letters should
 Solicit:—for such a man entices others.
 But what monster can be beyond an effeminate miser?—
 "These things I bestowed, then those I gave, soon you received
 "more."

He computes, and sins on—"Let a reckoning be made, let the
 "slaves 40

"Come with the ledger:—number five sestertiums

"In every thing"—"then let my labours be reckon'd—

"Is it an easy and ready matter to engage in so much filth,

"And to rake into the recesses of the most horrid abomination?—

"The slave that digs the field will be less miserable.— 45

"But truly you are delicate, and thought yourself young,

"And beautiful, and worthy heaven and the emp.

"Will ye ever be kind to an humble attendant, to one who makes

"His court, who are now not ready to bestow on your disease?"

Behold him to whom you must send a green umbrella, to whom
 great 50

Pieces of amber, as often as his birth-day returns, or the moist
 spring

Begins: placed on a chair, both strowed and long,

He handles secret gifts in the feminine calends.

Say, sparrow, for whom so many mountains, so many Appulian Farms you keep, so many kites tired within your pastures? ⁵⁵

A Trifoline field fills you with fruitful vines,

And the hill seem aloft at Cumæ, and empty Gaurus.

For who stops up more casks with wine likely to live?

How much had it been to present the loins of an exhausted client ⁶⁰

With a few acres? Is it better that this rustic infant,

With its mother and their cottage, and with the cur their play-fellow,

Should become the legacy of a friend beating the cymbals?

"You are impudent when you ask," says he. "But rent calls out,

"Ask: but my only slave calls, as Polypheme's

"Broad eye, by which crafty Ulysses escaped: ⁶⁵

"Another will be to be bought, for this does not suffice—both

"Arc to be fed. What shall I do when winter blows? what, I pray,

"What shall I say to the shoulders of my slaves in the month of December,

"And to their feet?—Stay, and expect the grasshoppers!"

But however you may dissemble, however omit the rest, at how great a ⁷⁰

Price do you reckon it, that, unless I had been to you a resigned And a devoted client, your wife would remain a virgin?

You certainly know by what methods—how oft you asked those things,

And what you promised: how often the flying girl

I caught in my embrace; she had broken the tables, and now ⁷⁵

Was signing. I hardly redeemed this in a whole night,

You weeping without-doors: the bed is my witness and thou,

Who wast thyself ear-witness of every circumstance.

Unstable wedlock, and begun to be broken off, and almost dissolved,

An adulterer, in many houses, has preserved. ⁸⁰

Whither can you turn?—what can you place first or last?

Is it therefore no merit, ungrateful and perfidious, none,

That a little son or a daughter is born to you by me?

For you bring them up, and in the books of the acts you delight to publish

Arguments of a man. Suspend garlands at your doors— ⁸⁵

You are now a father; I have given what you may oppose to report.

You have the rights of a parent: by my means you are written heir,

You receive all the legacy : not to say some sweet windfall.
Moreover many conveniences are joined to windfalls,
If I should fill up the number three.—

—Juv. The cause of your grief, Nævolus,
Is just. But what does he bring against it?—

NÆV. He neglects me, and seeks another two-legged ass for himself.

Remember to conceal these things committed to you alone,
And silent fix within thee my complaints;
For an enemy, smooth with pumice-stone, is a deadly thing. ⁹²
He who lately committed the secret, burns, and hates,
As if I had betrayed whatever I know : to take the sword,
To open my head with a club, to put a candle to my doors,
He doubts not. Neither condemn nor despise, that,
To these riches, the provision of poison is never dear. ¹⁰⁰
Therefore you conceal secrets, as the court of Mars at Athens.

Juv. O Corydon, Corydon, think you there is any secret
Of a rich man ? if the servants should be silent, the cattle will
speak,

And the dog, and the posts, and the marbles : shut the win-
dows, ¹⁰⁴

Let curtains cover the chinks, close the doors, take the light
Out of the way, let all be silent, let nobody lie near :
Yet what he does at the crowing of the second cock,
The next vintner will know before day, and will hear what
The steward, the master-cooks, and carvers have together
Invented : for what crime do they hesitate to frame against ¹¹⁰
Their masters ? how often are straps revenged
By rumours ? Nor will there fail one who will seek thee thro'
the streets

Unwilling, and, smelling of wine, will inebriate your wretched
ear.

Therefore you should ask them, what a little before you sought
From me : let them be silent : but they had rather betray ¹¹²

A secret, than drink of stolen Falernan,

As much as Laufella, sacrificing for the people, drank.

One should live rightly, as on many accounts, so especially

For these causes, that the tongues of slaves you may
Contemn : for the tongue is the worst part of a bad servant. ¹²⁰

Yet he is worse, who shall not be free, than those

Whose lives he preserves, both with his corn and money.

NÆV. Therefore, that I may despise the tongue of a servant,
You have just now given useful, but common, counsel :

Now what do you persuade me to, after loss of time, and hopes ¹²²
Deceived ? for THE HASTY LITTLE FLOWER, AND VERY SHORT

OF A MISERABLE LIFE, HASTENS TO PASS AWAY:

While we drink, and chaplets, ointments, girls,
We call for, old age, unperceived, creeps upon us.

JUV. Fear not: you will never want a pathic friend,
These hills standing and safe: from every where to them
There come together, in chariots and ships, all
Who scratch the head with one finger: another greater
Hope remains, do thou only impress thy tooth on rockets.

NÆV. Prepare these examples for the fortunate; but my
Clotho

And Lachesis rejoice, if I barely live by my vices.
O my little Lares! whom with small frankincense,
Or with meal, and a slender chaplet, I use to adorn,
When shall I fix any thing, by which old age may be secure
to me

From the rug and staff?—Twenty thousand interest
With pledges set down? little vessels of pure silver,
But which the censor Fabricius would note—and two strong
ones

From the herd of the Mæsi, who, with shoulders placed [under
me]

May command me to stand secure in the noisy circus?—
Let me have besides a skilful engraver—and another
Who can quickly paint many faces:—these things will suffice.
Since I shall be poor, a wretched wish!—Nor is there hope
Only for these; for when Fortune is petitioned for me,
She affixes wax, fetched from that ship,
Which escaped the Sicilian songs, with a deaf rower.

SATIRE X.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet's design in this Satire, which deservedly holds the first rank among all performances of the kind, is to represent the various wishes and desires of mankind, and to show the folly of them. He mentions riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial achievements, long life, and beauty, and gives instances of their having proved ruinous to the possessors of them. He concludes, therefore, that we should leave it to the gods to make a choice for us, they knowing what is most for our good. All that we can safely ask is health of body and mind: possessed of these, we have enough to make us happy, and therefore it is not much matter what we want beside.

IN all lands, which are from Gades to
The East and the Ganges, few can distinguish
True good things, and those greatly different from them, the
cloud

Of error removed: for what, with reason do we fear,
Or desire? what do you contrive so prosperously, that you⁵
May not repent of your endeavour, and of your accomplished
wish?

The easy gods have overturned whole houses, themselves
Wishing it. Things hurtful by the gown, hurtful by warfare,
Are asked: a fluent copiousness of speech to many
And their own eloquence is deadly.—He, to his strength¹⁰
Trusting, and to his wonderful arms, perished.

But money, heap'd together with too much care, destroys
More, and an income exceeding all patrimonies,
As much as a British whale is greater than dolphins.

Therefore in direful times, and by the command of Nero,¹⁵
A whole troop Longinus, and the large gardens of wealthy Sen-
eca,

Surrounded, and besieged the stately buildings of the Laterani—
The soldier seldom comes into a garret.

Tho' you should carry a few small vessels of pure silver,
Going on a journey by night, you will fear the sword and the²⁰
pole,

And tremble at the shadow of a reed moved, by moon-light.

AN EMPTY TRAVELLER WILL SING BEFORE A BOBBER.

Commonly the first things prayed for, and most known at all temples,

Are, that riches may increase, and wealth; that our chest may be
The greatest in the whole forum: but no poisons are drunk
From earthen ware: then fear them, when you take cups 26
Set with gems, and Setine wine shall sparkle in wide gold.

Nor therefore do you approve, that one of the wise men
Laugh'd, as oft as from the threshold he had moved, and
Brought forward one foot; the other contrary, wept? 30

But the censure of a severe laugh is easy to any one,
The wonder is whence that moisture could suffice for his eyes.

With perpetual laughter, Democritus used to agitate
His lungs, tho' there were not, in those cities,

Senatorial gowns, robes, rods, a litter, a tribunal.

What, if he had seen the prætor, in high chariots

Standing forth, and sublime in the midst of the dust of the circus,
In the coat of Jove, and bearing from his shoulders the Tyrian
Tapestry on an embroider'd gown, and of a great crown

So large an orb, as no neck is sufficient for? 40

For a sweating officer holds this, and lest the consul should
Please himself, a slave is carried in the same chariot.

Now add the bird which rises on the ivory sceptre,

There the trumpeters, here the preceding offices of a long
Train, and the snowy citizens at his bridles, 45

Whom the sportula, buried in his coffers, has made his friends.

Then also he found matter of laughter at all

Meetings of men; whose prudence shews,

That great men, and those about to give great examples,
May be born in the country of blockheads, and under thick air.

He derided the cares, and also the joys of the vulgar, 50

And sometimes their tears; when himself could present a halter
To threat'ning fortune, and shew his middle nail.

Therefore, these (are) unprofitable, or pernicious things, (which)
are ask'd,

For which it is lawful to cover with wax the knees of the gods. 55

Power, subject to great envy, precipitates some,

A long and famous catalogue of honours overwhelms,

Statues descend and they follow the rope;

Then, the driven axe, the very wheels of two-horse cars

Demolishes, and the legs of the undeserving horses are broken.

Now the fires roar, now with bellows and stoves, 60

The head adorned by the people burns, and the great Sejanus

Cracks: then, from the second face in the whole world,

Are made water-pots, basons, a frying-pan, platters.

Place laurels at your house, lead to the capitol a large 55
 White bull; Sejanus is dragg'd by a hook
 To be look'd upon: all rejoice: "what lips? what a counte-
 nance

"He had? I never (if you at all believe me) loved
 "This man:—but under what crime did he fall? who was
 "The informer? from what discoveries? by what witness hath 70
 "he prov'd it?"

"Nothing of these: a verbose and great epistle came from
 "Capreæ:"—"It is very well, I ask no more: but what did
 "The mob of Remus?"—"It follows fortune, as always, and
 "hates

"The condemn'd—The same people, if Nurscia had favour'd
 "The Tuscan—if the secure old age of the prince had been 75
 "Oppressed; would, in this very hour, have called Sejanus,
 "Augustus. Long ago, ever since we sell our suffrages
 "'To none, it has done with cares; for it, which once gave
 "Authority, fasces, legions, all things, now itself
 "Refrains, and anxious only wishes for two things; 80
 "Bread and the Circenses."—"I hear many are about to per-
 "ish"—

"No doubt: the furnace is large: my friend Brutidius
 "Met me, a little pale, at the altar of Mars"—
 "How I fear lest Ajax conquer'd should exact punishment,
 "As defended badly!—let us run headlong, and, while he 85
 "Lies on the bank, trample on the enemy of Cæsar.
 "But let the slaves see, lest any should deny it, and drag into
 "Law their fearful master with shackled neck:" these were the
 Discourses then about Sejanus; these the secret murmurs of the
 vulgar.

Will you be saluted as Sejanus? have 90
 As much—and give to one chief chairs of state—
 Set another at head of armies? be accounted guardian
 Of a prince, sitting in the august rock of Capreæ,
 With a Chaldæan band? you certainly would have javelins,
 cohorts,

Choice horsemen, domestic tents. "Why should you not 95
 "Desire these things?" Even those who would not kill any one
 Would be able. But what renowned and prosperous things
 are of so much

Value, since to posterity there may be an equal measure of evils?
 Had you rather take the robe of this man, who is dragg'd
 Along, or be the power of Fidenæ, or Gabii, 100
 And judge about a measure, and lesser vessels
 Break, a ragged ædile at empty Ulubræ?—

Therefore, what was to be wish'd for, you will confess Sejanus
 To have been ignorant: for he who desired too many honours,
 And sought too much wealth, was preparing numerous 105
 Stories of an high tower, from whence his fall might be
 Higher, and the precipice of his enforced ruin be dreadful.

What overthrew the Crassi, the Pompeys, and him who
 Brought down the subdued Romans to his scourges?
 Why truly, the chief place, sought by every art, 110
 And great vows listen'd to by malignant gods.
 To the son-in-law of Ceres, without slaughter and wound, few
 Kings descend, and tyrants by a dry death.

For the eloquence and fame of Demosthenes or of Cicero,
 He begins to wish, and does wish during the whole Quinquaginta,
115

Whoever reveres Minerva, hitherto gotten for three farthings,
 Whom a little slave follows, the keeper of his narrow satchel:
 But each orator perish'd by eloquence; each
 A large and overflowing fountain of genius consigned to death.
 The hand and neck was cut off by a genius; nor ever 120
 Were rostra wet with the blood of a weak lawyer.

O fortunatam natam, me consule, Romam!

He might have contemn'd the swords of Antony, if thus
 He had said all things. I like better laughable poems,
 Than thee, divine Philippic of conspicuous fame, 125

Who art roll'd up next from the first. Him also a cruel
 Death snatched away, whom Athens admired,
 Rapid, and moderating the reins of the full theatre.

He was begotten, the gods adverse, and fate unpropitious,
 Whom his father, blear-eyed with the reek of a burning mass,
 From coal and pincers, and from the anvil preparing 130
 Swords, and from dirty Vulcan, sent to a rhetorician.

The spoils of war, to maimed trophies a breast-plate
 Fixed, and a beaver hanging from a broken helmet,
 A yoke deprived of its beam, the flag of a conquer'd 135
 Three-oar'd vessel, and the sad captive at the top of an arch,
 Are believed to be greater than human goods: for these
 The Roman, Greek, and Barbarian commander hath
 Exerted himself: the causes of danger and labour hath had
 From thence. So much greater is the thirst of fame than 140
 Of Virtue: FOR WHO EMBRACES EVEN VIRTUE ITSELF,
 IF YOU TAKE AWAY ITS REWARDS?—yet formerly the glory of a
 few

Has ruined a country, and the lust of praise, and of
 A title to be fixed to the stones, the keepers of their ashes:
 which,

To throw down, the evil strength of a barren fig-tree is able,
Since fates are given also to sepulchres themselves. 146

Weigh Hannibal—how many pounds will you find in that
Great General? this is he, whom Africa wash'd by the Moorish
Sea, and adjoining to the warm Nile, does not contain;

Again, to the people of Ethiopia, and to other elephants, 150
Spain is added to his empires: the Pyrenean

He passes: nature opposed both Alps and snow:

He severed rocks, and rent the mountain with vinegar.

He now possesses Italy, yet endeavours to go farther:

"Nothing is done," says he, "unless, with the Punic army, we
"break 156

"The gates, and I place a banner in the midst of Suburra."

O what a face! and worthy of what a picture!

When the Getulian beast carried the one-eyed general!

Then what his exit? O glory! for this same man

Is subdued, and flies headlong into banishment, and there a
great 160

And much to be admired client sits at the palace of the king,

Till it might please the Bithynian tyrant to awake.

The end of that life, which once disturbed human affairs,

Nor swords, nor stones, nor darts gave, but that

Redressor of Cannæ, and avenger of so much blood, 165

A ring.—Go, madman, and run over the savage Alps,

That you may please boys, and become a declamation.

One world did not suffice the Pellæan youth:

He chafes unhappy in the narrow limit of the world,

As one shut up in the rocks of Gyarus, or small Seriphus. 170

Yet when he had enter'd the city fortified by brickmakers,

He was content with a Sarcophagus. DEATH ONLY DISCOVERS

HOW LITTLE THE SMALL BODIES OF MEN ARE. It is believed, that
formerly,

Athos was sailed thro', and whatever lying Greece

Adventures in history; the solid sea strowed with 175

Those very ships, and put under wheels: we believe deep

Rivers to have failed, and their waters drunk up when the
Mede

Dined, and what things Sostratus sings with wet wings.

But what did that barbarian return, Salamis being left, 179

Who was wont to rage with whips, against the north-west and
East wind, (which never suffered this in the Æolian prison,)

Who bound Ennosigæus himself with fetters?

That indeed was rather mild, that not worthy a mark also

He thought him. Any of the gods would be willing to serve
him.

But what manner of man returned he? Truly with one vessel
in the 186

Bloody waves, and, with slow prow, thro' thick carcasses.
Glory so often wished for exacted this punishment.

Give length of life, give, O Jupiter, many years!

This with upright countenance, and this, pale, alone you wish.
But with what continual, and how great evils is old age
Full! See the countenance deform'd, and hideous beyond 191
every thing,

And unlike itself, an unsightly hide instead of a skin:

And pendent cheeks, and such wrinkles,

As, where Tabraca extends its shady forests,

A mother-ape scratches in her old cheek, 195

The differences of youths are very many, one is handsomer
than

This, and he than another: this far more robust than that:

The face of old men is one, the limbs trembling with the voice,
And now a smooth head, and the infancy of a wet nose.

Bread is to be broken by the wretch with an unarm'd gum:

So very burthensome, to wife, and children, and himself, 201

That he would move the loathing of the flatterer Cossus.

The palate growing dull, the joys of wine and food are not

The same: a long oblivion of those pleasures,

Which are in vain invited to return, 205

Tho' every means be used to restore them.

Has this important state any thing to hope for?

What, but that the desire be deservedly suspected,

Which, without power, affects gallantry. Now see

The loss of another part—for what pleasure (has he) when a

Harper (tho' even the best) or Seleucus performs; 211

And those whose custom it is to shine in a golden habit?

What signifies it in what part of a great theatre he may sit,

Who can hardly hear the cornets, and the sounding of the

Trumpets? There needs a bawling, that the ear may perceive

Who his boy may say has come, how many hours he may bring
word of.

Beside, the very little blood, now in his cold body,

Is only warm from fever: there leap around, form'd into a troop,

All kind of diseases, the names of which were you to ask,

I could sooner unfold, how many adulterers Hippia has loved,

How many sick Themison has killed in one autumn: 221

How many of our allies Basilus, how many orphans Hirus

Has cheated. How many gallants the tall Maura can

Dispense with in a day, how many disciples Hamillus may de-
file. 224

Sooner run over how many country-houses he may now possess,
 Who clipping my beard, troublesome to me a youth, sounded.
 One is weak in his shoulder, another in his loins, another in his
 hip,

Another has lost both his eyes, and envies the blind of one:
 The pale lips of this take food from another's fingers: 229

He, at the sight of a supper, accustomed to stretch open his
 Jaw, only gapes, likes the young one of a swallow, to whom
 The fasting dam flies with her mouth full. But, than all the
 loss

Of limbs, that want of understanding is greater, which neither
 Knows the names of servants, nor the countenance of a friend,
 With whom he supped the night before, nor those 236

Whom he hath begotten, whom brought up: for, by a cruel
 will

He forbids them to be his heirs; all his goods are carried
 To Phiale: so much avails the breath of an artful mouth,
 Which has stood for many years in the prison of a brothel.
 Tho' the senses of the mind may be strong, yet funerals of
 children 240

Are to be attended, the pile to be seen of a beloved
 Wife, and of a brother, and urns fill'd with sisters.
 This pain is given to long-livers, so that, the slaughter
 Of the family being continually renewed, in many sorrows,
 and in

Perpetual grief, and in a black habit, they may grow old. 246

The Pylian king (if you at all believe the great Homer)

Was an example of life second from a crow:

Happy, no doubt, who thro' so many ages had deferr'd
 Death, and now computes his years with the right hand,

And who so often drank new must: I pray, attend 250

A little—How much might he complain of the laws

Of the fates, and of too much thread, when he saw the beard of
 Brave Antilochus burning: he demands of every friend

Which is present, why he should last till these times—

What crime he had committed worthy so long life. 256

The very same does Peleus, while he mourns Achilles snatch'd
 away,

And another, to whom it was permitted to lament the swimming
 Ithacus.

'Troy being safe, Priam had come to the shades

Of Assaracus with great solemnities, Hector carrying

The corpse, and the rest of the shoulders of his brethren,
 among 260

The tears of the Trojans, as soon as Cassandra should begin

'To utter the first wailings, and Polyxena with a rent garment,
Had he been extinct at another time, in which Paris
Had not begun to build the daring ships.

What therefore did long life advantage him? he saw all things
Overturn'd, and Asia falling by fire and sword. 266

'Then, a trembling soldier, the diadem being laid aside, he bore
arms,

And fell before the altar of high Jove, as an old ox,
Who, to the master's knife, offers his lean and miserable
Neck, now despised by the ungrateful plough. 276

Commanded to look at the last period of a long life.
Banishment and a prison, and the marshes of Minturnæ,
I hasten to our own, and pass by the king of Pontus,
And Cræsus, whom the eloquent voice of just Solon
However, that was the exit of a man: but his fierce wife, 275
Who outlived him, bark'd with a canine jaw.

And bread begged in conquer'd Carthage,
Hence had their causes—what, than that citizen, had
Nature on the earth, or Rome ever borne, more happy,
If, the troop of captives being led around, and in all 286

The pomp of wars, he had breath'd forth his great soul,
When he would descend from the Teutonic chariot?
Provident Campania had given Pompey fevers
To be wished for; but many cities, and public vows
Overcame them: therefore his own fortune, and that of the
city, 285

Took off his preserved head from him conquer'd: this torment,
This punishment Lentulus was free from; and Cethegus fell
Entire, and Catiline lay with his whole carcase.

With moderate murmur, the anxious mother desires beauty
For her boys—with greater for her girls, when she sees the
temple of Venus, 296

Even to the delight of her wishes. Yet, why, says she,
Should you blame me? Latona rejoices in fair Diana.

But Lucretia forbids a face to be wished for, such
As she had. Virginia would desire to accept the hump of Rutila,
And give her (shape) to Rutila. But a son, with a 295

Remarkable person, always has miserable and trembling
Parents—SO RARE IS THE AGREEMENT OF BEAUTY
AND CHASTITY!—Tho' the homely house chaste morals should
Have transmitted, and imitated the old Sabines.

Beside, a chaste disposition, and a countenance glowing 300
With modest blood, let bounteous nature give him
With a kind hand, (for what more upon a boy can
Nature, more pow'rful than a guardian, and than all care, be-
stow?)

'They must not be men; for the prodigal improbity
 Of a corrupter dares to tempt the parents themselves: 304
 So great is confidence in bribes. No tyrant ever
 Castrated a deform'd youth in his cruel palace:
 Nor did Nero ravish a noble youth club-footed, or one
 With a wen, and swelling equally in his belly and hump.
 Go now, and delight in the beauty of your young man, 310
 Whom greater dangers await. He will become a public
 Adulterer, and will fear whatsoever punishment an angry
 Husband exacts: nor will he be happier than the star
 Of Mars, that he should never fall into snares: but sometimes
 That pain exacts more than any law to pain 315
 Has granted. One kills with a sword, another cuts with bloody
 Scourges, and some adulterers the mullet enters.
 But your Endymion will become the adulterer of some beloved
 Matron: presently when Servilia shall give him money,
 He will become hers too whom he loves not: she will put off
 Every ornament of her body: for what will any woman deny to
 Those she likes, whether she be Hippia or Catulla?
 There a bad woman has her whole manners.
 But how does beauty hurt the chaste? what, once on a time,
 did 324
 A solemn resolution benefit Hippolytus? what Bellerophon?
 Truly this redden'd as if scorned by a repulse:
 Nor was Sthenobœa less on fire than the Cretan, and both
 Vexed themselves. A woman is then most cruel
 When shame adds goads to hatred. Choose what 329
 You think to be advised, to him whom Cæsar's wife destines
 To marry: this the best and most beautiful too
 Of a patrician family is hurried, a wretch, to be destroy'd
 By the eyes of Messalina: long she sits in her prepared
 Bridal veil, and openly the Tyrian marriage-bed is strowed
 In the gardens, and ten times an hundred will be given by an-
 cient 335
 Rite: the soothsayer, with the signers, will come.
 Do you think these things secret, and committed to a few?
 She will not marry unless lawfully. Say—what like you?—
 Unless you will obey, you must perish before candle-light.
 If you commit the crime, a little delay will be given, till the
 thing, 340
 Known to the city and to the people, reaches the prince's ears,
 (He will last know the disgrace of his house.) In the mean
 while
 Do thou obey the command, if the life of a few days is
 Of such consequence; whatever you may think best and easiest,

This fair and white neck is to be yielded to the sword. 345
Shall men therefore wish for nothing? If you will have advice,

PERMIT THE GODS THEMSELVES TO CONSIDER WHAT
MAY SUIT US, AND BE USEFUL TO OUR AFFAIRS.

For instead of pleasant things, the gods will give whatever are
fittest.

MAN IS DEARER TO THEM, THAN TO HIMSELF: we, led by the 350
Impulse of our minds, and by a blind, and great desire,
Ask wedlock, and the bringing forth of our wife: but to them
Is known, what children, and what sort of a wife she may be.
However, that you may ask something, and vow in chapels
Entrails, and the divine puddings of a whitish swine, 355
YOU MUST PRAY, THAT YOU MAY HAVE A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND
BODY.

Ask a mind, strong, and without the fear of death;
Which puts the last stage of life among the gifts of
Nature; which can bear any troubles whatsoever;
Knows not to be angry; covets nothing; and which thinks 360
The toils of Hercules, and his cruel labours, better
Than the lasciviousness, and luxury, and plumes of Sardana-
palus,

I shew what yourself may give to yourself: SURELY THE ONLY
PATH TO A QUIET LIFE LIES OPEN THROUGH VIRTUE. 364

You have no deity, O Fortune, if there be prudence; but
Thee we make a goddess, and place in heaven.

SATIRE XI.

ARGUMENT.

The poet takes occasion, from an invitation which he gives to his friend Persicus to dine with him, to commend frugality, and to expose and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery ; but more particularly the luxury used by the Romans in their feasting. He instances some lewd practices at their feasts, and reproves the nobility for making lewdness and debauchery the chiefest of their pleasures. He opposes the temperance and frugality of the greatest men in former ages, to the riot and intemperance of the present. He concludes with repeating his invitation to his friend, advising him to a neglect of all care and disquiet for the present, and a moderate use of pleasures for the future.

If Atticus sups sumptuously, he is accounted splendid ;
If Rutilus, mad : for what is received with a greater
Laugh of the vulgar, than poor Apieius ? every
Company, the baths, the stations, every theatre, [talk]
Of Rutilus. For while his strong and youthful limbs
Suffice for a helmet, and while ardent in blood, he is reported
(The tribune not compelling indeed, but neither prohibiting)
To be about to write the laws, and princely words of a seneer.
Moreover, you see many, whom the often-eluded creditor is
wout

To wait for at the very entrance of the shambles, 10
And to whom the purpose of living is in the palate alone.
The most wretched of these, and now soon to fall, (his
Ruin already being clear,) sups the more elegantly, and the
better.

Meantime, they seek a relish thro' all the elements,
The prices never opposing their inclination : if you attend 15
More intimately, THOSE THINGS PLEASE MORE, WHICH ARE BOUGHT
FOR MORE.

Therefore it is not difficult to procure a sum that will be wasted,
Dishes being pawned, or a broken image of their mother,
And, for four hundred sesterces, to season a relishing
Earthen dish : thus they come to the diet of a prize-fighter. 20
It importeth, therefore, who may prepare these same things—
for, in Rutilus,
It is luxury ; in Ventidius a laudable name

It takes, and derives its fame from his income. I should, by
right,

Despise him, who knows how much higher Atlas is
Than all the mountains in Libya, yet this same person 25

Be ignorant, how much a little bag differs from an
Iron chest: KNOW THYSELF—descended from heaven,
To be fixed, and revolved in the mindful breast, whether
You may seek wedlock, or would be in a part of

The sacred senate. For 'Thersites does not demand the 30
Breast-plate of Achilles, in which Ulysses exposed himself
Doubtful. Or whether you may affect to defend a cause in great
Difficulty; consult thyself, tell thyself who thou art,

A vehement orator, or Curtius, or Matho The measure of
Your abilities is to be known, and regarded in the greatest, 35
And in the least affairs; even when a fish shall be bought:

Nor should you desire a mullet when you have only a gudgeon
In your purse: for what end awaits thee, your purse failing,
Your gluttony increasing: your paternal fortune,

And substance, sunk in your belly, capable of containing 40
Interest and principal, and fields and flocks?

From such masters, after all, last goes forth
The ring, and Pollio begs with a naked finger.

Ashes are not premature, nor is a funeral bitter
To luxury, but old age more to be feared than death. 45

These are oftentimes the steps: money is borrowed at Rome,
And consumed before the owners: then, when a little,
I don't know what, is left, and the usurer is pale,

Those who have changed the soil, run to Baïæ, and to Ostia. 50
For, to depart from the forum, is not worse to you, than

To migrate to Esquilæ from the hot Suburra.

That is the only grief to those who fly their country, that
The sorrow, to have been deprived of the Circensian games for
one year.

Not a drop of blood sticks in the face, few detain
Modesty, ridiculous and flying out of the city. 55

You shall this day experience, whether things most fair
In word, Persicus, I cannot practise, neither in my life, nor in
my morals, and in deed;

But, a secret glutton, I can praise pulse, order water-gruel
To the servant before others, but, in his ear, cakes.

For, since you are a promised guest to me, you shall have 60
Evander, you shall come 'Tirynthius, or a guest less

Than he, and yet be akin to heaven in blood,
The one sent to the stars by water, the other by flames.

Now hear of dishes furnished from no shambles:

There shall come, from my Tiburtine farm, the fattest 65
 Young kid, and more tender than all the flock, ignorant of grass,
 Nor yet daring to bite the twig of the low willow:
 Which has more of milk than blood. And mountain
 Asparagus, which my bailiff's wife gather'd, laying her spin-
 dle aside.

Great eggs besides, warm in the twisted hay, 70
 Are added, with the mothers themselves; and, kept for a
 Part of the year, grapes, such as they were upon the vines:
 The Signian and Syrian pear: from the same baskets
 Apples, rivals to the Picene, and of a recent odour,
 Nor to be feared by you, after they have laid aside 75
 The autumn, dried by cold, and the dangers of a crude juice.
 'This, a long time ago, was the luxurious supper of the
 Senate: Curius put small herbs, which he had gather'd in his
 Little garden, over his small fire: which now
 A dirty digger, in a large fetter, despises, 80
 Who remembers how the sow's womb of a cook's hot shop can
 relish.

The back of a dry swine, hanging on a wide rack,
 It was the custom formerly to keep for festal days,
 And to set bacon, a birth-day feast, before relations,
 Fresh meat acceding, if the sacrifice afforded any. 85
 Some one of the kindred, with the title of thrice consul, and
 Who the commands of camps, and the honour of dictator
 Had discharged, went to these feasts sooner than usual,
 Bringing back his erect spade from a subdued mountain.
 But when they trembled at the Fabii, and severe Cato, 90
 And the Scauri, and Fabricii, and the severe manners
 Of a rigid censor, even his colleague feared;
 Nobody esteemed it to be reckon'd among his cares, and serious
 concerns,

What sort of tortoise might swim in the waves of the sea,
 About to make a famous and noble couch for the Trojugenæ:
 But with a naked side, and on small beds, a brazen front 95
 Shewed the vile head of an ass wearing a garland,
 At which the wanton boys of the country made a jest.
 Therefore such was their food, as was their house, and the fur-
 niture;

Then rude, and unknowing to admire the Grecian arts, 100
 Cities being overturned, in a found part of the spoils,
 The soldier brake the cups of great artificers,
 That his horse might rejoice in trappings, and that the embossed
 helm t

Likenesses of the Romulean wild-beasts, commanded to grow
 tame 104

By the fate of the empire, and under a rock the twin Quirini,
And a naked image of the god (shining with shield and
Spear, and impending) might shew to the foe about to perish.
What was of silver, shone in arms alone.

Therefore, they then put all their food of corn in a Tuscan
Dish; which you would envy, were you a little envious. 115
The majesty of the temples was also more present, and a voice
Almost in the midst of the night, and heard thro' the midst of
the city,

The Gauls coming from the shore of the ocean, and the gods,
Performing the office of a prophet, warned us by these.
This eare Jupiter was wont to afford the Latian 116
Affairs, fetile, and polluted by no gold.

Those times home-born tables, and out of our own tree, those
Times saw: the wood stood for these uses,
If haply the east-wind had thrown down an old nut-tree.
But now there is no pleasure of supping, to the rich 120
The turbot, the venison is tasteless, the ointments
Seem to stink, and the roses; unless the wide orbs large
Ivory sustains, and a lofty leopard, with a great gape,
Out of those teeth, which the gate of Syene sends,
And the swift Moors, and the Indian darker than the Moors,
And which a beast has deposited in a Nabathæan forest, 125
Now too much and too heavy for his head: hence arises appe-
tite,

Hence strength to the stomach: for a silver foot to them,
Is what an iron ring would be upon the finger. Therefore the
proud

Guest I am aware of, who compares me to himself, and de-
spises 130

My little affairs; insomuch that I have not an ounce of ivory,
Nor are my squares, nor a chess-man of this
Material: nay the very handles of my knives
Are of bone: yet by these no viettuals ever become
Rank; or is, therefore, a hen eut the worse. 135

Nor shall there be a carver, to whom every school ought
To yield, a disciple or doctor Trypherus, at whose house
An hare with a large sumen, and a boar, and a pygarg,
And Seythian birds, and a huge Phœnicopter, 139
And a Gætulian goat, most delicious things, with a blunt iron
Are eut, and the feast made of elm sounds thro' all the Suburra.
Neither to take off a piece of a roe, nor the side of an African
Bird, does my little novice know, and always rude,
And accustomed to the broken pieeces of a little steak.
Plebeian cups, and bought for a few pence, 145

The homely boy, and safe from cold, shall reach forth.
 There shall not be Phrygian or Lycian, nor any bought from
 A slave-merchant, and costly: when you ask, ask in Latin.
 The same habit is to all, the hair cropp'd and straight,
 And to-day comb'd only on account of our feast. 150
 One is the son of an hardy shepherd, the other of an herdsman:
 He sighs after his mother, not seen for a long time,
 And sad longs for the little cottage, and the known kids.
 A lad of an ingenuous countenance, and of ingenuous modesty,
 Such as it becomes those to be, whom glowing purple clothes.
 Nor, hoarse, does he expose himself, 155
 With indecency, when naked in the baths,
 Nor, fearful, practise means to hide his nakedness.
 He shall give you wine made in those mountains
 From whence himself comes, under the top of which he played:
 For the country of my wine, and of my servant, are one and
 the same. 161
 Perhaps you may expect, that a Gaditanian, with a tuneful
 Company, may begin to wanton, and girls approved with ap-
 plause
 Lower themselves to the ground in a lascivious manner.
 Married women behold this, their husbands lying by, 169
 Which it may shame any one to have related, they being pre-
 sent;
 A provocative of languishing desire, and sharp incentives
 Of a rich man: yet that is a greater pleasure
 Of the other sex, it is most affected by it, and soon
 The eyes and ears are contaminated to a great degree. 170
 An humble house does not contain these follies: let him hear
 The noise of shells, with words, from which a naked slave
 Standing in a stinking brothel abstains; let him enjoy
 Obscene expressions, and all the art of lewdness, 174
 Who lubricates the Lacedæmonian orb with spiriting wine,
 For there we give allowance to fortune. The die is base,
 Adultery is base in middling people: yet when they do
 All these things, they are called joyous and polite.
 Our feast to-day will give us other sports:
 The author of the Iliad shall be repeated, and of lofty Maro 181
 The verses making a doubtful palm.
 What does it signify with what voice such verses may be read?
 But now leave off business, your cares deferr'd,
 And give yourself grateful rest, since you may
 Be idle throughout the whole day: of interest-money 186
 No mention; nor, if gone forth at day-break, she is wont
 To be returned at night, let your wife provoke you, silent, to
 anger,

Bringing back her fine garments with suspected wrinkles,
Her hair disorder'd and her countenance and ears glowing,
Immediately put off before my threshold whatever grieves:
Lay aside home, and servants, and whatever is broken by them,
Or is lost: BEFORE ALL, PUT AWAY UNGRATEFUL FRIENDS.
Meantime, the spectacles of the Megalesian towel
Grace the Idæan solemnity, and, like as in triumph,
The prætor, a destroyer of horses, sits: and (if with the peace ¹⁹⁵
Of such an immense and superabundant crowd I might say it)
This day the circus contains all Rome, and a noise strikes
My ear, from whence I gather the event of the green cloth.
For if it should fail, sad and amazed would you see
This city, as when the consuls were conquered in the dust ²⁰⁰
Of Cannæ. Let youths behold, whom clamour, and a bold
Wager becomes, and to sit by a neat girl.
Let our contracted skin drink the vernal sun,
And avoid the gown: even now to the baths, with a safe
Countenance you may go, tho' a whole hour should remain ²⁰⁵
To the sixth. You could not do this for five days
Successively: for the fatigues of such a life also
Are great: RARER USE COMMENDS PLEASURES.

SATIRE XII.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet having invited Corvinus to assist at a sacrifice, which he intended to offer up by way of thanksgiving for the safety of his friend Catullus from the danger of the seas, professes his disinterestedness on the occasion, and, from thence, takes an opportunity to lash the Hæridepetæ, or Legacy-hunters, who flattered and paid their court to rich men, in hopes of becoming their heirs.

THIS day, Corvinus, is sweeter to me than my birth-day,
In which the festal turf expects the animals promised
To the gods: we kill to the queen a snowy lamb:
An equal fleece is given to Minerva.
But the petulant victim shakes his long extended rope, 5
Kept for Tarpeian Jove, and brandishes his forehead:
For it is a stout calf, ripe for the temples and altar,
And to be sprinkled with wine; which is now ashamed to draw
Its mother's dugs, and teazes the oaks with its budding horn.
If my fortune had been ample, and like my affection, 10
A bull, fatter than Hispulla, should be drawn, and with its very
Bulk slow, nor nourish'd in a neighbouring pasture,
But his blood shewing the glad pastures of Clitumnus,
Should go, and his neck to be stricken by a great minister,
On account of the return of my yet trembling friend, lately 15
having
Suffer'd dreadful things, and wondering that he is safe.
For, beside the hazard of the sea, and the stroke of lightning
Escaped, thick darkness hid the sky
In one cloud, and a sudden fire struck the sail-yards;
When every one might believe himself struck with it, and pre- 20
sently,
Astonish'd, might think that no shipwreck could be
Compared with the burning sails. All things become
Such, as grievously, if at any time a poetic tempest
Arises. Behold another kind of danger, hear, 25
And again pity, tho' the rest be of the same
Kind: a dire portion indeed, but known to many,
And which many temples testify, with a votive
Tablet—who knows not that painters are fed by Isis?

The like fortune also happen'd to my Catullus;
When the middle hold was full of water, and now
The waves overturning the alternate side of the ship
Of uncertain wood, the prudence of the grey master
Could confer no help: he began to compound
With the winds by throwing overboard, imitating the beaver,
who

Makes himself an eunuch, desiring to escape with the loss
Of his testicles: thus medicated does he understand his groin.
Throw out all things which are mine, says Catullus,
Willing to throw over even the most beautiful things, a garment
Of purple, fit also for tender Mæcenases:
And others, the very sheep of which the nature of
The generous herbage dyed, but also a remarkable fount
With hidden powers, and Bætic air helps.
Nor did he hesitate to throw away his plate; dishes
Made by Parthenius, a cup holding an urn,
And worthy Pholus thirsting, or the wife of Fuscus.
Add also baskets, and a thousand dishes, a great deal
Of wrought-work, in which the cunning buyer of Olynthus had
drunk.

But who now is the other, in what part of the world, who dares
Prefer his life to his plate, his safety to his goods?
Some do not make fortunes on account of life,
But, blind with vice, live for the sake of fortunes.
The greatest part of useful goods is thrown over, but
Neither do the losses lighten. Then, the contrary (winds) urging,
It came to that pass that he should lower the mast with an axe,
And free himself distressed: the last state of danger is,
When we apply helps to make the ship less.
Go now and commit your life to the winds, trusting to
A hewn plank, removed from death four
Fingers, or seven, if the pine be very large.
Immediately with your provision-baskets, and bread, and belly
of a flagon,

Remember axes to be used in a storm.
But after the sea lay smooth, after the circumstances of the
Mariner were favourable, and his fate more powerful than the
east wind,
And the sea; after the cheerful destinies draw better
Tasks with a benign hand, and of a white thread
Are spinsters, nor much stronger than a moderate air
Is there a wind the miserable prow ran with a poor device,
With extended garments, and, which alone was left,
With its own sail: the south winds now failing,

The hope of life return'd with the sun: then acceptable to
Iulus, 70

And an abode preferr'd to the Lavinum of his step-mother,
The sublime top is beheld, to which the name a white
Sow gave (a wonderful udder to the glad Phrygians)
And famous for thirty dugs never [before] seen. 74

At length she enters the placed moles, thro' the included waters,
And the Tyrrhene Pharos, and again the stretched-out arms
Which meet the middle sea, and far leave

Italy: therefore you will not so admire the havens
Which nature has given: but the master, with mangled ship,
Seeks the interior pools of the safe bay, pervious to 83

A Baian boat: there, with a shaved head, secure,
The sailors rejoice to relate their chattering dangers.
Go then, boys, favouring with tongues and minds,
Put garlands on the temples, and meal on the knives,
And adorn the soft hearths, and the green glebe. 85

I'll soon follow, and the sacred business, which is best, being
duly finish'd,

I will then return home; where, little images, shining
With brittle wax, shall receive slender crowns.

Here I will placate our Jupiter, and to my paternal Lares
Will give frankincense, and will throw down all the colours of
the violet. 90

All things shine. My gate has erected long branches,
And joyful celebrates the feast with morning lamps.

Nor let these things be suspected by you, Corvinus: Catullus,
For whose return I place so many altars, has three
Little heirs: I should be glad to see who would bestow 95
A hen, sick and closing her eyes, on a friend

So barren: but this is an expence too great. No quail
Will ever fall for a father. If rich Gallita and Paccius,
Who are childless, begin to perceive heat, every porch
Is clothed with tablets fixed according to law. 100

There exist who would promise an hecatomb.

Forasmuch as there are no elephants to be sold, neither here
Nor in Latium; nor any where in our climate is such
A beast conceived, but, fetched from a dusky nation,
Is fed in the Rutulian woods, and in the field of Turnus, 105

The herd of Cæsar, procured to serve no private
Man: the ancestors of these, indeed, used to obey Tyrian
Hannibal, and our generals, and the Molossian king,
And to carry cohorts on their back,

Some part of the war, and a tower going to battles. 110
Therefore there is no delay by Novius, no delay by

Ister Pacuvius, but that that Ivory should be led to the altars,
And fall a sacred victim before the Lares of Gallita,
Worthy of deities so great, and of the flatterers of these men.
For the one, if you allow him to slay, will vow 115
From his flock of servants, the great, or all the most beautiful
Bodies; or on his boys, and on the foreheads of his maids
Would put fillets: and if he has any marriageable
Iphigenia at home, he will give her to the altars, although
He may not expect the furtive expiation of the tragic hind.
I praise my citizen, nor do I compare with a last will 121
A thousand ships: for if the sick man should escape Libitina,
He'll cancel his will, inclosed in the prison of a net,
After desert truly wonderful: and everything, perhaps,
Will give shortly to Pacuvius alone. He proud will 125
Strut, his rivals overcome. Therefore you see, how
Great a reward of service she slaughter'd at Mycenæ may pro-
cure.
Let Pacuvius live, I beg, even all Nester.
May he possess as much as Nero plunder'd—may gold equal
Mountains; nor let him love any body, nor be loved by any 130
body.

SATIRE XIII.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet writes this Satire to Calvinus, to comfort him under the loss of a large sum of money, with which he had entrusted one of his friends, and which he could not get again. Hence Juvenal takes occasion to speak of the villany of the times—shews that nothing can happen but by the permission of Providence—and that wicked men carry their own punishment about with them.

WHATEVER is committed with bad example, displeases even
The author of it. This is the first revenge, that, himself
Being judge, no guilty person is absolved; altho' the wicked
Favour of the deceitful prætor should have overcome the urn.
What do you suppose all to think, Calvinus, of the recent
Wickedness, and crime of violated faith? But neither
Has so small an income come to your share, that the burden
Of a moderate loss should sink you: nor do we see rare
Those things which you suffer. This misfortune is known to
many, and now
Trite, and drawn from the midst of Fortune's heap 10
Let us lay aside too many sighs. More violent than what is
just,
The grief of a man ought not to be, nor greater than his wound.
Tho' you can hardly bear the least, and small particle
Of light misfortunes, burning with fretting
Bowels, because your friend may not return to you a sacred 15
Deposit. Does he wonder at these things, who already has left
behind
His back sixty years, born when Fonteius was consul?
Do you profit nothing for the better by the experience of so
many things?
Wisdom, indeed, which gives precepts in the sacred books,
Is the great conqueror of Fortune. But we call 20
Those also happy, who, to bear the inconveniences of life,
Nor to toss the yoke have learnt, life being their mistress.
What day so solemn, that it can cease to disclose a thief,
Perfidy, frauds, and gain sought from every crime,
And money gotten by the sword, or by poison? 25
FOR GOOD MEN ARE SCARCE: they are hardly as many in number

As the gates of Thebes, or the mouths of the rich Nile.
 An age is now passing, and worse ages than the times of
 Iron, for the wickedness of which, nature itself has not
 Found a name, nor imposed it from any metal. 30
 We invoke the faith of gods and men without clamour,
 With as much as the vocal sportula praises Fæsidius
 Pleading. Say, old man, worthy the bulla, know you not
 What charms the money of another has? know you not 34
 What a laugh your simplicity may stir up in the vulgar, when
 You require from any not to forswear, and that he should think,
 that to any
 Temples there is some deity, and to the reddening altar?
 Formerly our natives lived in this manner, before
 Saturn, flying, took the rustic sickle, his diadem
 Laid down: then, when Juno was a little girl, 40
 And Jupiter as yet private in the Idæan caves.
 No feasts of the gods above the clouds,
 Nor Iliacan boy, nor handsome wife of Hercules.
 At the cups; and now the nectar being drunk up, Vulcan
 Wiping his arms black with the Liparæan shop. 45
 Every god dined by himself, nor was the crowd of gods
 Such, (as it is at this day,) and the stars content with a few
 Deities, urged miserable Atlas with a less
 Weight. Nobody as yet shared the sad empire
 Of the deep, or fierce Pluto with his Sicilian wife. 50
 Nor a wheel, nor furies, nor a stone, or the punishment of the
 black
 Vulture: but the shades happy without infernal kings.
 Improbability was in that age to be wonder'd at.
 They believed this a great crime, and to be punish'd by death,
 If a youth had not risen up to an old man, and if 55
 A boy to any who had a beard: tho' he might see
 At home more strawberries, and greater heaps of acorn.
 So venerable was it to precede by four years,
 And the first down was so equal to sacred old age.
 Now, if a friend should not deny a deposit, 60
 If he should restore an old purse with all the rust;
 Prodigious faithfulness! and worthy the Tuscan books!
 And which ought to be expiated by a crowned she-lamb.
 If I perceive an excellent and upright man, I compare
 This monster to a boy of two parts, or to wonderful fishes 65
 Found under a plough, or to a mule with foal.
 Anxious as if a shower had pour'd forth stones,
 And a swarm of bees had settled, in a long bunch,
 On the top of a temple, as if a river had flow'd into the sea

With wond'rous gulfs, and rushing with a whirlpool of milk. 70
 Do you complain that ten sestertiums are intercepted by
 Impious fraud? what if another has lost two hundred secret
 Sestertiums in this manner? a third a larger sum than that,
 Which the corner of his wide chest had scarce received?
 So easy and ready it is, to condemn the gods who are wit-
 nesses, 75

If that same thing no mortal can know. Behold, with how
 great

A voice he denies it, what steadiness there is of feigned coun-
 tenance.

By the rays of the sun, and the Tarpeian thunderbolts he swears;
 And the javelin of Mars, and the darts of the Cyrrhæan prophet;
 By the shafts, and the quiver of the virgin-huntress, 80
 And by thy trident, O Neptune, father of Ægeus:
 He adds also the Herculean bows, and the spear of Minerva,
 Whatever the armories of heaven have of weapons;
 And truly if he be a father, I would eat, says he, a doleful
 Part of the head of my boiled son, and wet with Pharian vine-
 gar. 85

There are who place all things in the chances of Fortune,
 And believe the world to be moved by no governor,
 Nature turning about the changes both of the light and year,
 And therefore intrepid they touch any altars whatsoever.

Another is fearing lest punishment may follow a crime: 90
 He thinks there are gods, and forswears, and thus with himself—
 "Let Isis decree whatever she will concerning this body
 "Of mine, and strike my eyes with her angry sistrum,
 "So that, even blind, I may keep the money which I deny.
 "Are a phthisic, or putrid sores, or half a leg 95
 "Of such consequence? let not poor Ladas doubt to wish for
 "The rich gout, if he does want Anticyra, nor
 "Archigenes: for what does the glory of a swift foot
 "Avail him, and the hungry branch of the Pisæan olive?"

"THO' THE ANGER OF THE GODS BE GREAT, YET CERTAINLY IT IS
 "SLOW. 100

"If they take care therefore to punish all the guilty,
 "When will they come to me?—But, perhaps too, the deity
 "Exorable I may experience: he useth to forgive these things.
 "Many commit the same crimes with a different fate.
 "One has borne the cross as a reward of wickedness, another a
 "diadem." 105

Thus the mind trembling with the fear of dire guilt
 They confirm: then you, calling him to the sacred shrines,

He precedes, even ready of his own accord to draw you, and to teaze you.

For when great impudence remains to a bad cause,
It is believed confidence by many; he acts a farce, 110
Such as the fugitive buffoon of the witty Catullus.

You miserable exclaim, so as that you might overcome Stentor,
Or rather as much as the Homeric Gradivus: "Do you hear,
"O Jupiter, those things? nor move your lips, when you ought
"To send forth your voice, whether you are of marble or of
"brass? or why, 115

"On thy coal, put we the pious frankincense from the loos'd
"Paper, and the cut liver of a calf, and of an hog
"The white caul? as I see, there is no difference to be reckon'd,
"Between your images, and the statue of Bathyllus."

Hear, what consolations on the other hand one may bring, 120
And who neither hath read the Cynics, nor the Stoic doctrines,
differing

From the Cynics by a tunic: nor admires Epicurus
Happy in the plants of a small garden.

The dubious sick may be taken care of by greater physicians,
Do you commit your vein even to the disciple of Philip. 125

If you shew no fact in all the earth so detestable,
I am silent: nor do I forbid you to beat your breast
With your fists, nor to bruise your face with your open palm;
Since, loss being received, the gate is to be shut, 130

And with greater mourning of the house, with a greater tumult,
Money is bewailed than funerals: nobody feigns grief
In this case, content to sever the top of the garment,
To vex the eyes with constrained moisture;

Lost money is deplored with true tears. 135

But if you see all the courts filled with the like complaint,
If, tablets being read over ten times, by the different party,
They saw the hand-writings of the useless wood are vain,
Whom their own letters convicts, and a principal gem
Of a Sardonyx, which is kept in ivory boxes. 140

Think you, O sweet sir, that out of common things
You are to be put? How are you the offspring of a white hen,
We, vile chickens hatched from unfortunate eggs?
You suffer a moderate matter, and to be born with moderate
choler,

If you bend your eyes to greater crimes: compare
The hired thief, burnings begun with sulphur, 145
And by deceit, when the gate collects the first fires:
Compare also these, who take away the large cups
Of an old temple, of venerable rust, and the gifts

Of the people, or crowns placed by an ancient king.

If these are not there, there stands forth one less sacrilegious,
 who 150

May scrape the thigh of a gilt Hercules, and the very face of
 Neptune, who may draw off the leaf-gold from Castor.

Will he hesitate, who is used to melt a whole Thunderer?

Compare also the contrivers, and the merchant of poison,
 And him to be launched into the sea in the hide of an ox, 155

With whom an harmless ape, by adverse fates, is shut up.

How small a part this of the crimes, which Gallicus, the keeper
 of the city,

Hears from the morning, until the light goes down?

To you who are willing to know the manners of the human race

One house suffices; spend a few days, and dare 160

To call yourself miserable, after you come from thence.

Who wonders at a swoln throat in the Alps? or who

In Meroë at a breast bigger than a fat infant?

Who has been amazed at the blue eyes of a German, his yellow
 Hair, and twisting his curls with a wet lock? 165

Because indeed this one nature is to them all.

At the sudden birds of the Thracians, and the sonorous cloud,

The Pygmæan warrior runs in his little arms,

Soon unequal to the enemy, and seized, thro' the air, with crooked

Talons, he is carried by a cruel crane: if you could see this

In our nations, you would be shook with laughter: but there

Tho' the same battles may be seen constantly, nobody

Laughs, when the whole cohort is not higher than one foot.

"Shall there be no punishment of a perjured head,

"And of wicked fraud?" "Suppose this man dragged away
 "with 175

"A weightier chain immediately, and to be killed (what would
 "anger have more?)

"At our will: yet that loss remains, nor will ever

"The deposit be safe to you:" "but from his maimed body

"The least blood will give an enviable consolation.

"But revenge is a good more pleasant than life itself." 180

Truly this is of the unlearned, whose breasts you may see

Burning, sometimes from none, or from slight causes:

However small the occasion may be, it is sufficient for anger.

Chrysippus will not say the same, nor the mild disposition

Of Thales, and the old man neighbour to sweet Hymettus, 185

Who would not, amidst cruel chains, give a part of

The received hemlock to his accuser. Happy wisdom,

By degrees puts off most vices, and all errors,

First teaching what is right; for REVENGE

IS ALWAYS THE PLEASURE OF A MINUTE, WEAK, AND LITTLE MIND. Immediately thus conclude, because in revenge Nobody rejoices more than a woman. But why should you Think these to have escaped, whose mind conscious of a dire Fact, keeps them astonished, and smites with a dumb stripe. Their conscience the tormentor shaking a secret whip? But it is a vehement punishment, and much more cruel, than those

190

Which either severe Cædītus invented, or Rhadamanthus, Night and day to carry their own witness in their breast.

The Pythian prophetess answer'd a certain Spartan, That in time to come he should not be unpunished, because doubted he

200

To retain a deposit, and defend the fraud by swearing:

For he asked what was the mind of the Deity,

And whether Apollo would advise this deed to him.

He therefore restored it from fear, not from morals, and yet all

The voice of the shrine, he proved worthy the temple, and true,

Being extinguished together with all his offspring, and family,

And with his relations, tho' deduced from a long race.

These punishments does the single will of offending suffer.

FOR HE WHO WITHIN HIMSELF DEVISES ANY SECRET WICKEDNESS, HATH THE GUILT OF THE FACT.—“Tell me, if he accomplish'd

“his attempts?”

210

“Perpetual anxiety: nor does it cease at the time of the table,

“With jaws dry as by disease, and between his grinders

“The difficult food increasing. But the wretch spits out

“His wine: the precious old age of old Albanian

214

“Will displease: if you shew him better, the thickest wrinkle

“Is gathered on his forehead, as drawn by sour Falernan.

“In the night, if haply care hath indulged a short sleep,

“And his limbs tumbled over the whole bed now are quiet,

“Immediately the temple, and the altars of the violated Deity,

“And (what urges his mind with especial pains)

220

“Thee he sees in his sleep: thy sacred image, and bigger

“Thair human, disturbs him fearful, and compels him to con-

“fess.”

“There are they who tremble, and turn pale at all lightnings

“When it thunders: also lifeless at the first murmur of the

“heavens:

“Not as if accidental, nor by rage of winds, but

226

“Fire may fall on the earth enraged, and may avenge.”

“That did no harm”—“the next tempest is fear'd

“With heavier concern, as if deferr'd by this fair weather.

“Moreover a pain of the side with a watchful fever,

230

- "If they have begun to suffer, they believe the disease sent
"To their bodies by some hostile deity: they think these things
"The stones and darts of the gods: to engage a bleating sheep
"To the little temple, and to promise the comb of a cock to the
 "Lares
"They dare not; for what is allowed the guilty sick
"To hope for? or what victim is not more worthy of life? 235
"The nature of wicked men is, for the most part, fickle, and
 "changeable;
"When they commit wickedness, there remains constancy: what
 "is right
"And what wrong, at length they begin to perceive, their crimes
"Being finish'd; but nature recurs to its damned
"Morals, fix'd, and not knowing to be changed. For who 240
"Hath laid down to himself an end of sinning? when recover'd
"Modesty once cast off from his worn forehead?
"Who is there of men, whom you have seen content with one
"Base action? our perfidious wretch will get his feet into
"A snare, and will suffer the hook of a dark prison, 245
"Or a rock of the Ægean sea, and the rocks frequent
"To great exiles. You will rejoice in the bitter punishment
"Of his hated name, and, at length, glad will confess, that no
 "one of
"The gods is either deaf, or a Tiresias."

SATIRE XIV.

ARGUMENT.

This Satire is levelled at the bad examples which parents set their children and shews the serious consequences of such examples, in helping to contaminate the morals of the rising generation, as we are apt, by nature, rather to receive ill impressions than good, and are, besides, more pliant in our younger than in our riper years. From hence he descends to a satire on avarice, which he esteems to be of worse example than any other of the vices which he mentions before; and concludes with limiting our desires within reasonable bounds.

THERE are many things, Fuscinus, worthy of unfavourable report,

And fixing a stain which will stick upon splendid things,
Which parents themselves shew, and deliver to their children.
If the destructive die pleases the old man, the heir wearing the
bulla

Will play too, and moves the same weapons in his little dice-box.

Nor does the youth allow any relation to hope better of him,
Who has learnt to peel the funguses of the earth,
To season a mushroom, and, swimming in the same sauce,
To immerse beccaficos, a prodigal parent,
And a grey throat shewing him. When the seventh year 10
Has passed over the boy, all his teeth not as yet renewed,
Tho' you should place a thousand bearded masters there,
Here as many, he would desire always to sup with a
Sumptuous preparation, and not to degenerate from a great
kitchen.

Does Rutilus teach a meek mind and manners, kind to small
errors, 15

And the souls of slaves, and their bodies, does he think
To consist of our matter, and of equal elements?—
Or does he teach to be cruel, who delights in the bitter
Sound of stripes, and compares no Siren to whips, 10
The Antiphates and Polyphemus of his trembling household—
Then happy, as often as any one, the tormentor being called,
Is burnt with an hot iron on account of two napkins?

What can he who is glad at the noise of a chain advise to a youth,

Whom branded slaves, a rustic prison, wonderfully
Delight?—Do you expect that the daughter of Larga should
not be 25

An adulteress, who never could say over her mother's gallants
So quickly, nor could join them together with so much speed,
As that she must not take breath thirty times? privy to her
mother

Was the virgin: now, she dictating, little tablets
She fills, and gives them to the same pimps to carry to the gal-
lant. 30

So nature commands; more swiftly and speedily do domestic
Examples of vices corrupt us, when they possess minds
From those that have great influence. Perhaps one or two
Young men may despise these things, for whom, by a benign
art,

And with better clay, Titan has formed their breasts. 35
But the footsteps of their fathers which are to be avoided, lead
the rest,

And the path of old wickedness, long shewn, draws them.
Abstain therefore from things which are to be condemned: for
of this at least

There is one pow'rful reason, lest those who are begotten by us
Should follow our crimes; for in imitating base and wicked
Things we are all docile; and a Catiline 41

You may see among every people, in every clime:
But neither will Brutus, nor uncle of Brutus, be any where.
Nothing filthy, to be said, or seen, should touch these thresholds,
Within which is a boy. Far from hence, from thence the girls
Of bawds, and the songs of the nightly parasite: 45

The greatest reverence is due to a boy. If any base thing
You go about, do not despise the years of a boy,
But let your infant son hinder you about to sin.

For if he shall do any thing worthy the anger of the censor, 50
(Since he, like to you not in body only, nor in countenance,
Will shew himself, the son also of your morals,) and when
He may offend the worse, by all your footsteps,

You will, forsooth, chide, and chastise with harsh
Clamour, and after these, will prepare to change your will. 55
Whence assume you the front, and liberty of a parent,
When, an old man, you can do worse things, and this head,
Void of brain, long since, the ventose cupping-glass may seek?

A guest being to come, none of your people will be idle.
"Sweep the pavement, shew the columns clean, 60

"Let the dry spider descend with all her web:

"Let one wipe the smooth silver, another the rough vessels:"

The voice of the master, earnest, and holding a rod, blusters.

Therefore, wretch, dost thou tremble, lest, foul with canine dung,

Thy courts should displease the eyes of a coming friend? ⁶⁵

Lest the porch should be overspread with mud? and yet one
servant boy,

With one half bushel of saw-dust, can cleanse these:

Dost thou not manage it, that thy son should see

Thine house, sacred without all spot, and having no vice?

It is acceptable, that you have given a citizen to your country
and people, ⁷⁰

If you make him, that he may be meet for his country, useful
in the fields,

Useful in managing affairs both of war and peace:

For it will be of the greatest consequence, in what arts, and
with what morals

You may train him up. With a serpent a stork nourishes

Her young, and with a lizard found in the devious fields; ⁷⁵

They, when they take their wings, seek the same animals.

The vulture with cattle, and with dogs, and with reliicks from
crosses,

Hastens to her young, and brings part of a dead body.

Hence is the food also of a great vulture, and of one feeding

Herself, when now she makes nests in her own tree. ⁸⁰

But the hare or the kid, the handmaids of Jove, and the noble

Birds, hunt in the forest: hence prey is put

In their nest: but, thence, the mature progeny, when

It has raised itself, hunger stimulating, hastens to that

Prey which it had first tasted, the egg being broken. ⁸⁵

Centronius was a builder, and now on the crooked

Shore of Caieta, now on the highest summit of Tibur,

Now in the Prænestine mountains, was preparing the high

Tops of villas, with Grecian, and with marble sought

Afar off, exceeding the temple of Fortune and of Hercules: ⁹⁰

As the eunuch Posides out-did our capitols.

While thus, therefore, Centronius dwells, he diminished his es-
tate,

He impaired his wealth, nor yet was the measure of the remain-
ing

Part small: his mad son confounded all this,

While he raised up new villas with better marble. ⁹⁵

Some chance to have a father who fears the sabbaths,

They adore nothing beside the clouds, and the deity of heaven:

Nor do they think swine's flesh to be different from human,

From which the father abstain'd; and soon they lay aside their
foreskins:

But used to despise the Roman laws, 100

They learn, and keep, and fear the Jewish law,

Whatsoever Moses hath delivered in the secret volume:

Not to shew the ways, unless to one observing the same rites,

To lead the circumcised only to a sought-for fountain;

But the father is in fault, to whom every seventh day was 105

Idle, and he did not meddle with any part of life.

Young men, nevertheless, imitate the rest of their own accord;
only

Avarice they are commanded to exercise against their wills;

For vice deceives under the appearance and shadow of virtue,

When it is sad in habit, and severe in countenance and dress.

Nor is the miser doubtfully praised as frugal, 111

As the thrifty man, and a safeguard of his own affairs,

More certain, than if, those same fortunes, the serpent

Of the Hesperides or of Pontus should keep. Add, that

This man, of whom I speak, the people think an excellent, and
venerable 115

Artist, for to these workmen patrimonies increase:

But they increase by whatsoever means, and become greater

By the assiduous anvil, and the forge always burning.

And the father therefore believes the covetous happy of mind,

Who admires wealth, who thinks that there are no examples

Of an happy poor man; he exhorts his young men, that they

May persist to go that way, and apply earnestly to the same
sect. 122

There are certain elements of vices; with these he immediately
seasons

Them, and compels them to learn the most trifling stinginess.

By-and-by he teaches an insatiable wish of acquiring: 125

He chastises the bellies of the servants with an unjust measure,

He also hung'ring: for neither does he ever bear

To consume all the musty pieces of blue bread,

Who is used to keep the hash of yesterday in the midst of

September; also to defer, to the time of another supper,

The bean, sealed up with part of a summer 131

Fish, or with half a stinking shad,

And to shut up the number'd threads of a sective leek:

Any one invited from a bridge to these, would refuse.

But for what end are riches gather'd by these torments, 135

Since it is an undoubted madness, since it is a manifest phrensy,

That you may die rich, to live with a needy fate?

In the mean time, when the bag swells with a full mouth,

THE LOVE OF MONEY INCREASES, AS MUCH AS MONEY ITSELF INCREASES;

And he wishes for it less, who has it not, Therefore is prepared 140

Another villa for you, when one country-seat is not sufficient;
And it likes you to extend your borders; and greater appears
And better your neighbours' corn: you buy also this, and
Groves of trees, and the mountain which is white with the thick
olive:

With any price of which if the owner be not prevailed on, 145
By night the lean oxen, and the famished herds, with tired
Necks, will be sent to the green corn of this man.

Nor may they depart home from thence, before the whole crop
Is gone into their cruel bellies, so that you would believe it done
by sickles.

You can hardly say, how many may lament such things, 150
And how many fields injury has made to be set to sale.

"But what speeches? how the trumpet of foul fame?"—

"What does this hurt?" says he: "I had rather have the coat
of a lupine,

"Than if the neighbourhood in the whole village should praise
"me

"Cutting the very scanty produce of a little farm." 155

I warrant you will want both disease and weakness,
And you will escape mourning and care; and a long space of
life,

After these things, will be given you with a better fate;

If you alone possess'd as much cultivated ground,

As, under Tatus, the Roman people ploughed. 160

Afterwards even to those broken with age, and who had suffer'd
the Punic

Wars, or cruel Pyrrhus, and the Molossian swords,

At length hardly two acres were given for many

Wounds. That reward of blood, and of toil,

Than no deserts ever seem'd less, or the faith small 165

Of an ungrateful country. Such a little glebe satisfied

The father himself, and the rabble of his cottage, where big lay

The wife, and four infants were playing, one a little

Bond-slave, three masters: but for the great brothers of these 170

From the ditch or furrow returning, another supper

More ample, and great pots smoked with pottage.

Now this measure of ground is not sufficient for our garden.

Thence are commonly the causes of villainies, nor more poisons

Has any vice of the human mind mixed, or oftener

Attacked with the sword, than a cruel desire 175

Of an unbounded income; for he who would be rich,
 Would be so quickly too. But what reverence of the laws?
 What fear, or shame, is there ever of a hastening miser?—
 "Live contented with those little cottages and hills,
 "O youths," said the Marsian and Hernician formerly, 186
 And the old Vestinian, "let us seek bread by the plough,
 "Which is enough for our tables: the deities of the country ap-
 "prove this,
 "By whose help and assistance, after the gift of acceptable corn,
 "There happen to man loathings of the old oak.
 "He will not do anything forbidden, who is not ashamed
 "Thro' ice to be cover'd with an high shoe; who keeps off the 186
 "east wind
 "With averted skins. Purple, foreign, and unknown to us,
 "Leads to wickedness and villany, whatsoever it may be."
 These precepts those ancients gave to their posterity: but now,
 After the end of autumn, from the middle of the night, the 190
 noisy
 Father rouses the supine youth: "Take the waxen tablets,
 "Write, boy, watch, plead causes, read over the red
 "Laws of our forefathers, or ask for a vine by a petition.
 "But your head untouch'd with box, and your hairy nostrils,
 "Lælius may take notice of, and admire your huge arms. 195
 "Destroy the tents of the Moors, the castles of the Brigantes,
 "That a rich eagle to thee the sixtieth year
 "May bring: or if to bear the long labours of camps
 "It grieves you, and the horns heard with the trumpets loosen 200
 "Your belly, you may purchase, what you may sell
 "For the half or more, nor let the dislike of any merchandise,
 "Which is to be sent away beyond the Tiber, possess you.
 "Do not believe there is any difference to be put between
 "Ointments and an hide. THE SMELL OF GAIN IS SWEET
 "FROM ANY THING WHATSOEVER. Let that sentence of the 205
 "poet
 "Be always in your mouth, worthy the gods, and of Jove him-
 "self:
 "NOBODY ASKS FROM WHENCE YOU HAVE, BUT IT BEHOVES YOU TO
 "HAVE."
 This, the old woman shew to the boys asking three farthings:
 This, all the girls learn before their Alpha and Beta.
 Whatsoever parent is instant with such admonitions, 210
 I might thus speak to: "Say, (O most vain man), who "com-
 "mands
 "Thee to hasten? I warrant the scholar better than
 "The master: depart secure: you will be outdone, as Ajax

"Surpassed Telamon, as Achilles outdid Peleus.

"You must spare the tender ones: as yet their marrows the
evils 215

"Of native wickedness have not filled: when he has begun

"To comb his beard, and to admit the point of a long knife,

"He will be a false witness, he will sell perjuries for a small

"Sum, touching both the altar and foot of Ceres."

"Already believe your daughter-in-law carried forth, if your
thresholds 220

"She enters with a deadly potion. By what fingers will she
be pressed

"In her sleep?—for, what things you may suppose to be ac-
quired

"By sea and land, a shorter way will confer upon him:

"For of great wickedness there is no labour. These things I
never

"Commanded, may you some time say, nor persuaded such
things, 225

"But the cause of a bad mind, nevertheless, and its origin, is in
you:

"For whoever has taught the love of a great income,

"And, by foolish admonition, produces covetous boys,

"And he who to double patrimonies by frauds,

"Gives liberty, loosens all the reins to the chariot, 230

"Which if you would recall, it knows not to stop,

"And, you contemned, and the bounds being left, it is hurried on.

"Nobody thinks it enough to offend so much, as you may

"Permit, so much do they indulge themselves more widely.

"When you say to a youth, he is a fool who may give to a
friend 235

"Who may lighten, and raise up the poverty of a relation;

"You both teach him to rob, and to cheat, and by every crime

"To acquire riches, the love of which is in thee,

"As much as of their country was in the breast of the Decii, as
much

"As Menæceus loved Thebes, if Greece be true, 240

"In the furrows of which, legions from the teeth of a snake

"With shields are born, and horrid wars undertake

"Immediately, as if a trumpeter too had risen with them.

"Therefore the fire, the sparks of which yourself have given,
You will see burning wide, and carrying off all things. 245

"Nor will he spare your miserable self, and the trembling master

"The young lion in his cage, with great roaring, will take off."

"Your nativity is known to astrologers."—"But it is grievous

"To expect slow distaffs: you'll die, your thread not yet

"Broken off: you even now hinder, and delay his wishes, 250
 "Now a long and stag-like old age torments the youth.
 "Seek Archigenes quickly, and buy what Mithridates
 "Composed, if you are willing to pluck another fig,
 "And to handle other roses: a medicine is to be had,
 "Which either a father, or a king, ought to sup up before 255
 "meat."

I shew an extraordinary pleasure, to which no theatres,
 No stages of the sumptuous prætor, you can equal,
 If you behold, in how great danger of life may consist
 The increase of an house, much treasure in a brazen 260
 Chest, and money to be placed at watchful Castor,
 Since Mars, the avenger, also lost his helmet, and his own
 Affairs he could not keep. Therefore you may leave
 All the scenes of Flora, and of Ceres, and of Cybele,
 By so much are human businesses greater sports.
 Do bodies thrown from a machine more delight 265
 The mind, and those who are used to descend a straight rope,
 Than thou, who always abidest in a Corycian ship,
 And dwellest, always to be lifted up by the north-west wind,
 and the south,

Wretched, the vile merchant of a stinking sack?
 Who rejoicest, from the shore of ancient Crete, to have 270
 brought

Thick sweet wine, and bottles the countrymen of Jove.
 He nevertheless fixing his steps, with doubtful foot,
 Procures a living by that recompense; and winter and hunger
 By that rope he avoids: you on account of a thousand talents,
 And an hundred villas are rash. Behold the ports, 275
 And the sea full with large ships—more of men are now
 On the sea: the fleet will come wherever the hope of gain
 Shall call; nor the Carpathian and Gætulian seas only
 Will it pass over, but, Calpe being far left,
 Will hear the sun hissing in the Herculean gulf. 280
 It is a great reward of labour, that with a stretched purse,
 You may return home from thence, and proud with a swelled
 bag,

To have seen monsters of the ocean, and marine youths.
 Not one madness agitates minds: he, in the hands of his sister,
 Is affrighted with the countenance, and fire of the Eumenides.
 This man, an ox being stricken, believes Agamemnon to roar,
 Or Ithacus. Tho' he should spare his coats and cloaks,
 He wants a keeper, who fills with merchandise a ship
 To the topmost edge, and by a plank is divided from the water;
 When the cause of so great evil, and of this danger, 290

Is silver battered into tiles, and small faces.
 Clouds and lightnings occur: "Loose the cable"—
 (Cries the owner of the wheat, and the buyer-up of pepper—)
 "Nothing this colour of the heaven, nothing this black cloud
 "threatens:
 "It is summer-thunder."—Unhappy wretch! and perhaps that
 very 295
 Night he will fall, the beams being broken, and be pressed down
 by a wave,
 Overwhelmed, and will hold his girdle with his left hand, or
 with his bite.
 But for him, for whose wishes a while ago the gold had not
 sufficed,
 Which Tagus, and Pactolus rolls in its shining sand,
 Rags covering his cold thighs will suffice, 300
 And a little food; while, his ship being sunk, shipwrecked, he
 Asks a penny, and beholds himself in a painted tempest.
 Things gotten with so many evils, with greater care and fear
 Are kept—miserable is the custody of great wealth.
 Wealthy Licinus commands his troop of servants, with 305
 Buckets set in order, to watch by night, affrighted for
 His amber, and for his statues, and his Phrygian column,
 And for his ivory, and broad tortoise-shell. The casks of the
 naked
 Cynic don't burn: should you break them, another house
 Will be made to-morrow, or the same will be made solder'd
 with lead. 310
 Alexander perceived, when he saw, in that cask,
 The great inhabitant, how much happier this man was, who
 Desired nothing, than he who required the whole world,
 About to suffer dangers to be equalled to things done.
 Thou hast no divinity, O Fortune, if there be prudence: thee, 315
 We make a goddess. Nevertheless the measure of an estate
 Which may suffice, if any should consult me, I will declare.
 As much as thirst and hunger, and cold require;
 As much, Epicurus, as sufficed thee in thy little garden;
 As much as the Socratic Penates had taken before. 320
 NATURE NEVER SAYS ONE THING, WISDOM ANOTHER.
 I seem to confine you by sour examples; mix
 Therefore something from our manners, make the sum
 What the law thinks worthy the twice seven ranks of Otho.
 If this also draws a wrinkle, and extends your lip, 325
 Take two knights, make the third four hundred.
 If as yet I have not filled your bosom, if it be opened farther,

Neither the fortune of Cræsus, nor the Persian kingdoms,
Will ever suffice your mind, nor the riches of Narcissus,
To whom Claudius Cæsar indulged every thing, whose
Commands he obey'd, being ordered to kill his wife.

336

SATIRE XV.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet in this Satire, which he is supposed to have written when he was under his banishment in Egypt, relates the mortal and irreconcilable hatred, which sprung from a religious quarrel between the Ombites and Tentyrites, inhabitants of two neighbouring cities of Egypt—and describes in very lively colours, a bloody fray which happened between them. He seems to lay this as a ground for those fine reflections, with which he finishes the Satire, on the nature, use, and intention of civil society.

In reading this Satire, it is difficult not to advert to the monstrous cruelties which superstition and bigotry have brought on mankind, while those who have disgraced the Christian name by bearing it, have, with relentless fury, inflicted tortures and death on thousands of innocent people, for no other crime than a difference of opinion in religious matters.

MARSHALL, in his note on line 36, thus expresses himself—"Hinc simultas
"et odium utrique populo oriebantur, nempe ex diversitate religionum,
"quæ in mundo etiam Christiano, Di boni! quantas strages excitavit!"

The attentive reader of this Satire will find a lively exhibition of those principles which actuate bigots of all religions, zealots of all persuasions; and which, as far as they are permitted, will always act uniformly against the peace and happiness of mankind. He may amuse himself with allegorizing the Ombites and Tentyrites into emblems of blind zeal and party rage, which no other bounds than want of power have kept from desolating the earth.

Who knows not, Bithynian Volusius, what monstrous things
Mad Egypt can worship? this part adores a crocodile;
That fears an Ibis saturated with serpents.
A golden image of a sacred monkey shines,
Where the magic chords resound from the half Memnon, 5
And ancient Thebes lies overthrown with its hundred gates.
'There sea-fish, here a fish of the river; there
Whole towns worship a dog, nobody Diana.
It is a sin to violate a leek or onion, or to break them with a
bite.

O holy nations, for whom are born in gardens 10
These deities! Every table abstains from animals bearing
Wool: it is there unlawful to kill the offspring of a she-goat,
But lawful to be fed with human flesh. When Ulysses

Was telling, at supper, such a deed to the astonish'd
 Alcinous, perhaps, in some he moved anger or 15
 Laughter, as a lying babbler.—“Into the sea does nobody
 “Throw this fellow, worthy of a cruel and true Charybdis,
 “Feigning huge Læstrygonians, and Cyclops?
 “For sooner Scylla, or the concurring rocks
 “Of Cyane, and bags full of tempests 20
 “Would I have believed, or, struck by the slender wand of Circe,
 “Elpenor with his swine-rowers to have grunted.
 “Has he thought the Phæcian people are so empty-headed?”
 Thus deservedly any one, not as yet drunk, and who a very
 little
 Strong wine from a Corcyraean urn had drawn : 25
 For Ulysses related this without any witness.
 We will relate wonderful things, and lately done (Junius being
 Consul) upon the walls of warm Coptus ;
 We the wickedness of the vulgar, and more grievous than all
 buskins :
 For wickedness, tho’ you should turn over all the tragedies 30
 From the Pyrrha, no whole people commits among the trage-
 dians. Hear
 What an example dire cruelty has produced in our time.
 There burns as yet an old and ancient grudge,
 An immortal hatred, and a wound not to be healed,
 Between the bordering Ombos and Tentyra. Thence, on both 35
 sides,
 The highest fury in the vulgar, because the deities of their
 neighbours
 Each place hates, since it can believe them only to be accounted
 Gods, which itself worships: but, in a festival time,
 There seem’d, to all the chiefs and leaders of the other people,
 An opportunity to be seized, lest 40
 A glad and cheerful day, lest the joys of a great feast
 They should be sensible of, the tables being placed at the tem-
 ples and streets,
 And the wakeful bed, which, lying night and day,
 Sometimes the seventh sun found. Rude indeed is 45
 Egypt, but in luxury, as far as I have remarked,
 The barbarous rabble does not yield to infamous Canopus.
 Add too, that the victory is easy over the drunken and stam-
 mering,
 And reeling with wine. There, a dancing
 Of the men, with a black piper ; ointments such
 As they were, and flowers, and many chaplets on the forehead ;
 Here, fasting hatred : but their first brawlings they begin 51

To sound, their minds burning: these the trumpet of the quarrel.

Then they engage with equal clamour, and instead of a weapon
The naked hand rages: few cheeks without a wound: 54

Scarce to any, or to none, in the whole engagement, a nose
Whole: already you might see, throughout all the bands, half
Countenances, other faces, and bones gaping from their broken
Cheeks, fists full of the blood of their eyes.

Nevertheless they believed themselves to play, and to exercise
Puerile battles, because they can tread on no corpses: 60

And indeed, for what purpose are so many thousands of a fighting

Multitude, if all live? therefore the attack is sharper, and now
Stones, gotten throughout the ground with arms reclined,

'They begin to throw, the domestic weapons

Of sedition; nor these stones such as both 'Turnus and Ajax,
Or with the weight with which Tydides struck the thigh 66

Of Æneas: but those that right hands unlike to them

Could send forth, and born in our time:

For this race was decreasing, Homer being yet alive.

The earth now brings forth bad men, and small; 70

Therefore whatever god hath beheld them, he laughs and hates.

Let the story be fetched back from the digression. After they

Were increased with succours, one party dares to draw

The sword, and to renew the fight with hostile arrows. 74

They urge their enemies, giving their backs to swift flight,
Who inhabit Tentyra near the shady palm-tree.

Here one slips down, hastening his course with too much

Fear, and is taken; but him cut into a great many

Pieces and particles (that one dead man for many
Might suffice) the victorious rabble ate all up, the bones 80

Being gnawed: nor did they boil him in a burning kettle

Or with spits: they thought it so very long, and tardy

To wait for fires, content with the raw carcase.

Hence we may rejoice, that they did not violate fire,
Which Prometheus, stolen from the highest part of heaven, 85

Gave to the earth. I congratulate the element, and thee

I think to exult: but he, who bore to gnaw the carcase,

Never ate any thing more willingly than this flesh:

For in so great wickedness ask not, nor doubt, whether

The first gullet perceived a pleasure. But he 90

Who stood farthest, the whole body now consumed, his fingers

Being drawn along the ground, tastes something of the blood.

'The Vascons (as the report is) using such aliments,
Prolong'd their lives: but the matter is different: but there

Is the envy of Fortune, and the utmost of wars, extreme 95
 Misfortunes, the dire want of a long siege.
 For the example of this food, which is now in question, ought
 To be lamented: as the nation, which I just now mentioned,
 After all herbs, after all animals, whatever
 The fury of an empty belly urged, (the very enemies them- 100
 selves,
 Pitying their paleness, and leanness, and their slender limbs,)
 They tore for hunger the limbs of others, ready to have eaten
 Their own too. Who of men, or of the gods, would have re-
 fused
 To pardon forces that had suffered dire and cruel things,
 And whom the manes of those very people, whose bodies 105
 They were fed with, might forgive? better us
 The precepts of Zeno admonish; he thinks not all things, some
 Are to be done for life. But a Cantabrian whence
 A Stoic—especially in the age of old Metellus?
 Now the whole world has the Grecian, and our Athens: 110
 Eloquent Gaul taught the British lawyers—
 Thule now speaks of hiring a rhetorician.
 Yet that people whom we have spoken of were noble: and equal
 In valour and fidelity, but greater in slaughter, Saguntus,
 Excuses something like this. Egypt is more cruel than the 115
 Mæotic
 Altar: for that Tauric inventress of a wicked
 Rite (as now you may believe what verses deliver,
 As worthy credit) only slays men: nothing beyond,
 Or more grievous, does the victim fear, than a knife. But what
 calamity
 Impelled these? what so great hunger, and arms hostile 120
 To a rampart, have compelled them, so detestable a monstrous
 thing
 To attempt? could they have done other displeasure, the land
 Of Memphis being dry, to the Nile unwilling to rise?
 With which neither the terrible Cimbri, nor the Britons ever, 125
 And the fierce Sauromatæ, or the cruel Agathyrsi,
 With this fury the weak and useless vulgar raged,
 Accustomed to spread little sails in earthen boats,
 And to ply the short oars of a painted earthen vessel.
 Nor can you find a penalty for the wickedness, nor prepare
 Punishments worthy these people, in whose mind equal 130
 And alike are hunger and anger. Most tender hearts
 Nature confesses herself to give to human kind,
 Who has given tears, this best part of our sense.

She commands, therefore, to bewail the misfortune of a mourning friend;

And the squalid appearance of a criminal; an orphan calling to the laws 135

His defrauder, whose girl-like hairs make his Countenance, flowing with weeping, uncertain.

By command of nature we groan, when the funeral of an adult Virgin occurs, or an infant is shut up in the earth,

And less than the fire of the pile. For what good man, or worthy 140

The secret torch, such as the priest of Ceres would have him to be,

Thinks any evils alien from himself? This separates us From the herd of brutes, and therefore we alone having shared A venerable disposition, and being capable of divine things, 145

And apt for exercising and understanding arts,

Have drawn sense sent down from the celestial top, Which prone things, and things looking on the earth, want.

The common builder of the world at the beginning indulged to them

Only souls; to us a mind also, that a mutual affection Might command us to seek, and to afford help: 150

To draw the dispersed into a people, to migrate from the old Forest, and to leave woods inhabited by our ancestors:

To build houses, to join to our habitations

Another roof, that safe slumbers, by a neighbouring Threshold, a contributed confidence might give: to protect with arms 155

A fallen citizen, or one staggering with a great wound:

To give signs with a common trumpet, to be defended with the same

Towers, and to be secured by one key of the gates.

But now the concord of serpents is greater: a similar Beast spares his kindred spots. When, from a lion, 160

Did a stronger lion take away life? in what forest ever,

Did a boar expire by the teeth of a larger boar?

The Indian tiger observes a perpetual peace with a fierce Tiger: there is agreement with savage bears among themselves.

But for a man the deadly sword from the impious anvil 165

To have produced is little; whereas, being accustomed only to heat

Rakes and spades, and tired with mattocks and the ploughshare,

The first smiths knew not how to beat out swords.

We see people, to whose anger it does not suffice

To have killed any one; but the breasts, the arms, the face, ¹⁷⁰
They believed to be a kind of food. What therefore would he
have said,
Or whither would he not have fled, if now Pythagoras could
have seen
These monstrous things? who abstain'd from all animals, as
from
A man, and did not indulge every kind of pulse to his belly.

SATIRE XVI.

ARGUMENT.

This Satire is supposed to have been written by Juvenal while he commanded in Egypt, (see sat. xv. l. 45, note 2.); he sets forth, ironically, the advantages and privileges of the soldiery, and how happy they are beyond others whom he mentions.

Many have thought that this Satire was not written by Juvenal; but I think that the weight of evidence seems against that opinion, and that there are many passages so exactly in the style of Juvenal, as to afford the strongest internal evidence that it was written by him. It may be granted not to be a finished piece, like the rest; but if we only regard it as a draught or design of a larger work, it is a valuable hint on the oppression and inconveniences of a military government.

Who, O Gallus, can number the advantages of the happy
Soldiery? now since prosperous camps may be gone into,
Let the door receive me, a fearful beginner, with a favourable
Star: for an hour of kind fate avails more,
Than if an epistle of Venus were to commend us to Mars,
And the mother who delights in the Samian sand.

Let us first treat common advantages: of which that will
Hardly be the least, that a gownsmen to strike you
May not dare. Even tho' he may be stricken, let him dissemble,
Nor dare to shew his teeth beat out to the prætor,
And a black bump in his face with swelled bluenesses,
And eyes left, the physician promising nothing.

A Bardiac judge is given to one willing to punish these things,
A shoe, and large buskins at the great benches,
The ancient laws of camps, and the custom of Camillus
Being observed, that a soldier should not litigate without the
trench,

And far from the standards. Most just is therefore the trial
Of centurions concerning a soldier; nor will revenge
Be wanting to me, if a cause of just complaint be brought:
Yet the whole cohort is inimical, and all the companies
Obstruct with great consent. You will take care, that there be
Vengeance, heavier than the injury. It will therefore be worthy
The heart of the declaimer Vagellius of Mutina,
Since you have two legs, to offend so many common soldiers,

Thousands of nails. Who can be so far from the city? ²⁵
 Besides, who is so much a Pylades, beyond the mole of the
 rampart

That he would come? let tears immediately be dried up, and
 let us

Not solicit friends about to excuse themselves.

When the judge says—"Give evidence:" let him dare,
 (I know not who,) who saw the blows, say—"I saw," ³⁰

And I will believe him worthy the beard, and worthy the locks,
 Of our ancestors; you might sooner produce a false witness
 Against a villager, than one speaking what is true
 Against the fortune of a soldier, and against his reputation.

Now other advantages, and other emoluments, let us note, ³⁵

Of oaths. A vale of my ancestral estate,
 Or a field, if a wicked neighbour has taken away from me:

Or hath dug up the sacred stone from the middle border,
 Which my annual puls hath rever'd with an old cake:

Or a debtor goes on not to render money taken,
 Saying the hand-writings of the useless wood are void;

The year of the whole people, which will begin suits,
 Will be to be waited for: but then also a thousand fatigues

Are to be borne, a thousand delays; so often the benches are
 only

Spread. Now eloquent Cæditius laying by his garments, ⁴⁰

And Fuscus now making water, prepared

We depart, and fight in the slow sand of the forum.

But to them, whom arms cover, and a belt goes round,

What time of trial they please, to them is afforded:

Nor is the affair worn out by a long impediment of the cause.

Moreover, a right of making a will is given to soldiers
 alone, ⁴⁵

The father living. For what things are gotten by the labour
 Of warfare, it was thought good should not be in the body of
 the estate,

The whole government of which the father possesses. There-
 fore, Coranus,

An attendant of banners, and earning the money of camps,

His father, tho' trembling, besets. Just labour ⁵⁰

Promotes this man, and renders its rewards to his glorious toil.

This certainly seems to be a concern of the general himself,

That he who shall be brave, the same may be most happy,

That all should be glad with trappings, and all with collars. ⁵⁵

THE
SATIRES
OF
AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS.

Mordaci radere vero.

Sat. i. l. 107.

THE
HISTORY
OF
THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE
FUNDAMENTALS OF
THE CITY

PREFACE.

AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS was born at Volaterræ, in Etruria (now Tuscany), about the twentieth year of the emperor Tiberius, that is to say, about two years after the death of Christ. Flaccus, his father, was a Roman knight, whom he lost when he was but six years of age. His mother Fulvia Sisënnia, afterward married one Fusius, a Roman knight, and within a few years buried him also. Our poet studied, till the age of twelve years, at Volaterræ; he then came to Rome, where he put himself under the instruction of Remmius Palæmon, a grammarian, and Virginius Flaccus, a rhetorician; to each of which he paid the highest attention. At sixteen he made a friendship with Annæus Cornutus, (by country an African, by profession a Stoic philosopher,) from whom he got an insight into Stoic philosophy. By means of Cornutus he became acquainted with Annæus Lucanus, who so admired the writings of Persius, that on hearing him read his verses, he could scarcely refrain from crying out publicly, that "they were absolute poems."

He was a young man of gentle manners, of great modesty, and of remarkable sobriety and frugality: dutiful and affectionate towards his mother, loving and kind to his sisters: a most strenuous friend and defender of virtue—an irreconcilable enemy to vice in all its shapes, as may appear from his Satires, which came from his masterly pen in an early time of life, when dissipation, lewdness, and extravagance were cultivated and followed by so many of his age, and when, instead of making them his associates, he made them the object of his severest animadversion.

He died of a disorder in his stomach about the thirtieth year of his age, and left behind him a large fortune; the bulk of which he bequeathed to his mother and sisters; leaving an handsome legacy to his friend and instructor Cornutus, together with his study of books; Cornutus only accepted the books, and gave the money, which Persius had left him, to the surviving sisters of Persius.

Some have supposed, that Persius studied obscurity in his Satires, and that to this we owe the difficulty of unravelling

his meaning; that he did this, that he might with the greater safety attack and expose the vicious of his day, and particularly the emperor Nero, at whom some of his keenest shafts were aimed: however this may be, I have endeavoured to avail myself of the explanations which the learned have given, in order to facilitate the forming of my own judgment, which, whether coincident with theirs or not, I have freely set down in the following notes, in order that my readers may the more easily form theirs.

As to the comparisons which have been made between Horace, Persius, and Juvenal, (the former of which is so often imitated by Persius,) I would refer the reader to Mr. Dryden's Dedication to the Earl of Dorset, which is prefixed to the translation of *Juvenal and Persius*, by himself and others, and where this matter is fully considered. For my own part, I think it best to allow each his particular merit, and to avoid the invidious and disagreeable task of making comparisons, where each is so excellent, and wherein prejudice and fancy too often supersede true taste and sound judgment.

However the comparative merit of Persius may be determined, his positive excellence can hardly escape the readers of his Satires, or incline them to differ from Quintilian, who says of him, *Inst. Orator. lib. x. cap. I. "Multum et veræ Gloriæ, quamvis uno libro Persius meruit."*

Martial seems of this opinion, lib iv. epig. xxviii. l. 7, 8.

"Sæpius in libro memoratur Persius uno,
"Quam levis in tota Marsus Amazonide."

On which the Scholiast observes, by way of note: "*Gratior est parvus liber Satirarum Persii, quam ingens volumen Marsi, quo bellum Herculis scripsit contra Amazonas.*"

Nor were the Satires of Persius in small esteem, even among those of the most learned of the early Christian writers—such as Cassiodore, Lactantius, Eusebius, St. Jerome, and St. Austin. This is observed by Holyday, who concludes his preface to his translation with these remarkable words: "Reader, be courteous to thyself, and let not the example of an heathen condemn thee, but improve thee."

PROLOGUE TO SATIRE I.

ARGUMENT.

“The design of the author was to conceal his name and quality.—He lived in the dangerous times of Nero, and aims particularly at him in most of his Satires: for which reason, though he was of equestrian dignity, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear, in this Prologue, but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this he breaks into the business of the first Satire, which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in fashion, and the impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their stuff upon the world.”

DRYDEN.

I HAVE neither moistened my lips with the Caballine fountain,
Nor to have dreamed in two-headed Parnassus,
Do I remember, that thus I should suddenly come forth a poet.
Both the Heliconides, and pale Pirene,
I leave to those, whose images the pliant ivy-boughs
Touch softly. I, half a clown,
Bring my verse to the consecrated repositories of the poets.

Who has expedited to a parrot his χαῖρε?
And taught magpies to attempt our words?
A master of art, and a liberal bestower of genius,
The belly, cunning to follow denied words.

But if the hope of deceitful money should glitter,
Raven-poets, and magpie-poetesses,
You may imagine to sing Pegaseian melody.

SATIRE I.

ARGUMENT.

This Satire opens in form of a dialogue between Persius and a friend.—

We may suppose Persius to be just seated in his study, and beginning to vent his indignation in satire. An acquaintance comes in, and, on hearing the first line, dissuades the poet from an undertaking so dangerous; advising him, if he must write, to accommodate his vein to the taste of the times, and to write like other people.

Persius acknowledges, that this would be the means of gaining applause; but adds, that the approbation of such patrons as that compliance would recommend him to was a thing not to be desired.

After this, he exposes the wretched taste which then prevailed in Rome, both in verse and prose, and shews what sad stuff the nobles wrote themselves, and encouraged in others. He laments that he dares not speak out, as Lucilius and Horace did—but it is no very difficult matter to perceive that he frequently aims at the emperor Nero.

He concludes, with a contempt of all blockheads, and says, that the only readers, whose applause he courts, must be men of virtue and sense.

PERSIUS. MONITOR.

P. O THE cares of men! O how much vanity is there in things!

M. Who will read these? *P.* Do you say that to me?

M. Nobody, truly. *P.* Nobody?

M. Perhaps two, perhaps nobody; it is a shameful and lamentable thing. *P.* Wherefore?

Lest Polydamas and the Troiads should prefer Labeo
To me?—trifles! do not, if turbid Rome should disparage

Any thing, agree with it, nor correct a false balance

By that scale: seek not thyself out of thyself.

For at Rome who does not—? Ah, if I might say!—But I
may

Then when I have beheld greyness, and that our grave way of
life.

And whatever we do after our playthings are left; 10

When we have the relish of uncles—then, then forgive. *M.* I
will not.

P. What shall I do? for I am a great laughter with a petulant
spleen.

M. We write shut up. One numbers, another prose,

Something grand.—*P.* Which lungs, large of air, may breathe.

Doubtless these to the people, comb'd, and with a new gown,
White, and lastly with a birth-day sardonix,
You will read, in a high seat, when with a liquid gargle you
have wash'd

Your moveable throat, and effeminate with a lascivious eye:
Here, neither in a modest manner, nor with a serene voice,
You may see the great Titi tremble, when the verses enter the
loins,

And when the inwards are scratch'd with the tremulous verse.

Dost thou, O old man, collect food for the ears of others?
For ears, to which even thou, in skin destroy'd may'st say—
“Enough.”

“For what purpose to have learnt, unless this ferment, and
“what once 25

“Is within innate, the wild fig-tree, should come forth from the
“bursten liver?”

Lo, paleness and old-age! O manners! is your knowing,
then,

Altogether nothing, unless another should know that you know
it?

“But it is pleasant to be shewn with the finger, and to be
“said—This is he.”

“For thee to have been the exercises of an hundred curl-pates,
“Dost thou esteem as nothing?” Lo, among their cups, the
satiated

Romans inquire, what divine poems may relate.

Here, some one, who has round his shoulders a hyacinthine
cloak,

(Having spoken something rankish from a snuffing nostril,)
If he hath gently sung Phyllises, Hypsipylæ, and some lamen-
table matter

Of the poets, supplants words with a tender palate, 26
The men have assented: now are not the ashes of that poet
Happy? now does not a lighter hillock mark his bones?

The guests praise: nor will there not from those manes,
Nor will there not from the tomb, and the fortunate ember,
Violets spring up?—You laugh, says he, and too much indulge 27
Your hooked nostrils. Will there be, who can refuse to be
willing

To have deserved the countenance of the people? and, having
spoken things worthy of cedar,

To leave verses fearing neither little fishes, nor frankincense?

Whoever thou art, O thou, whom I just now made to speak
on the adverse part,

I, when I write, if haply something more apt comes forth, ⁴⁵
 (Since this is a rare bird,) yet if something more apt comes forth,
 Would not fear to be praised; nor indeed are my inwards so
 horny.

But to be the end extreme of right I deny
 Your "Well done!" and your "O fine!" for examine this whole
 "O fine,"

What has it not within? Is not the Iliad of Accius here, ⁵⁰
 Drunk with hellebore? Is there not, if crude nobles have dictated

Any little elegies? Is there not, lastly, whatever is written
 In citron beds?—You know how to place a hot sow's-udder;
 You know to present a shabby client with a worn garment;
 And "I love truth (say you); tell me the truth concerning me."

How is it possible?—Would you have me say it? you trifle,
 when, O bald head,
 Your fat paunch stands forth with a hanging-down foot and
 an half.

O Janus! whom no stork pecks behind your back,
 Nor has the moveable hand imitated white ears,
 Nor so much of the tongue, as an Appulian bitch when athirst.
 Ye, O patrician blood, whose condition it is to live with ⁶¹
 The hinder part of the head blind, prevent flouts behind your
 backs!

What is the speech of the people?—What forsooth, unless
 that the verses
 Now at last flow with soft measure, so that, across the polish,
 the joining
 May pour forth severe nails. He knows how to extend a verse,
 Not otherwise than if he should direct the rubric with one eye;
 Whether the work is on manners, on luxury, or the dinners of
 kings,

The Muse gives our poet to say great things.

Behold now we see those bring heroic thoughts,
 Who used to trifle in Greek, nor to describe a grove ⁷⁰
 Skilful; nor to praise a fertile country, where are baskets,
 And a fire-hearth, and swine, and the feasts of Pales smoky
 with hay:

From whence Remus, and thou, O Quintius, wearing coulters
 in a furrow,

Whom thy trembling wife clothed dictator before the oxen,
 And thy ploughs the lictor carried home. Well done, O poet! "

There is now, whom the veiny book of Brisæan Accius;
 There are those whom both Pacuvius, and rugged Antiopa
 Might detain, having propp'd her mournful heart with sorrows.

When you see blear-eyed fathers pour these admonitions into
Their children, do you seek whence this bombast manner of
speaking 80

Came on their tongues? Whence that disgrace, in which
The smooth Trossulus exults to thee thro' the benches?
Does it nothing shame you, not to be able to drive away dan-
gers from

Your grey head, but you must wish to hear this lukewarm—
Decently?

Thou art a thief (says one to Pedius)—What Pedius? his
crimes 85

He weighs in polished antitheses: to have laid down learned
figures

He is praised: this is fine!—this is fine? O Romulus, do you
wag the tail?

For if a shipwreck'd mariner sings, could he move me, and a
penny

Should I bring forth? do you sing, when yourself painted on a
broken plank

You carry from your shoulder? A true (misfortune), not pre-
pared by night, 90

He shall deplore, who would bend me by his complaint.

M. But there is beauty and composition added to crude num-
bers.

P. Thus hath he learnt to conclude a verse: "Berecynthian
Attin,

"And the dolphin which divided cærulean Nereus—

"Thus we removed a rib from the long Apennine." 95

M. "Arms and the man"—is not this frothy, and with a fat
bark?

P. As an old bough dried with a very large bark.

M. What then is tender, and to be read with a loose neck?

P. "They filled their fierce horns with Mimallonean blasts,

"And Bassaris, about to take away the head snatched from the
proud 100

"Calf, and Mænas, about to guide a lynx with ivy,

"Redoubles Evion: the reparable echo sounds to it."

Would these be made, if any vein of our paternal manliness
Lived in us? This feeble stuff, on the topmost spittle,
Swims in the lips, and in the wet is Mænas and Attys. 105

Nor does he beat his desk, nor taste his gnawn nails.

M. But where's the need to grate tender ears with biting
truth?

See to it, lest haply the thresholds of the great

Should grow cold to you : here from the nostrils sounds the
canine letter— 109

P. For my part, truly, let every thing be henceforward white.
I hinder not. O brave! all things, ye shall all be very wonderful.

This pleases.—Here, say you, I forbid that any should make a
pissing place :

Paint two snakes : boys, the place is sacred : without
Make water—I depart.—Lucilius cut the city,
Thee, Lupus, thee Mutius ; and he brake his jaw-tooth upon
them.

Sly Horace touches every vice, his friend laughing :
And admitted round the heart, plays
Cunning to hang up the people with an unwrinkled nose.
Is it unlawful for me to mutter ? neither secretly, nor with a
ditch ? *M.* No where.

P. Nevertheless I will dig here. “I have seen, I myself have
seen, O little book :—” 120

“Who has not the ears of an ass ?” I this this hidden thing,
This laugh of mine, such a nothing, I sell to thee for no
Iliad. O thou whosoever art inspired by bold Cratinus,
Art pale over angry Eupolis, with the very great old man,
These too behold : if haply any thing more refined you hear,
Let the reader glow towards me with an ear evaporated from
thence. 126

Not he, who delights to sport on the slippers of the Grecians,
Sordid, and who can say to the blinkard, thou blinkard :
Thinking himself somebody ; because, lifted up with Italian
honour,

An ædile he may have broken false measures at Aretium.
Nor who, arch, knows to laugh at the numbers of an account-
able, 131

And bounds in divided dust ; prepared to rejoice much,
If petulant Nonaria should pluck a Cynic's beard.
I give to these, in the morning, an edict ; after dinner, Callirhoë.

SATIRE II.

ARGUMENT.

It being customary among the Romans for one friend to send a present to another on his birth-day—Persius, on the birth-day of his friend Macrinus, presents him with this Satire, which seems (like Juv. Sat. x.) to be founded on Plato's dialogue on prayer, called The Second Alcibiades.

The Poet takes occasion to expose the folly and impiety of those, who, thinking the gods to be like themselves, imagined that they were to be bribed into compliance with their prayers by sumptuous presents; whereas, in truth, the gods regard not these, but regard only the pure intention of an honest heart.

In the course of this Satire, which seems to have given occasion to the tenth Satire of Juvenal, Persius mentions the impious and hurtful requests which men make, as well as the bad means which they employ to have their wishes fulfilled.

The whole of this Satire is very grave, weighty, and instructive; and, like that of Juvenal, contains sentiments, more like a Christian than an heathen.

Bishop Burnet says, that "this Satire may well pass for one of the best lectures in divinity."

TO PLOTIUS MACRINUS.

THIS day, Macrinus, number with a better stone,

Which, white, add to thee sliding years.

Pour out wine to your genius. You do not ask with mercenary prayer,

Which you cannot commit unless to remote gods;

But a good part of our nobles will offer with tacit censer. 5

It is not easy to every one, their murmur, and low whispers

To remove from the temples, and to live with open prayer.

"A good mind, reputation, fidelity; these clearly, that a stranger may hear.

Those inwardly to himself and under his tongue he mutters
—"O if

"The pompous funeral of my uncle might bubble up? O if 10

"Under my rake a pot of silver may chink, Hercules being propitious

"To me! or my ward, whom I the next heir

"Impel, I wish I could expunge! for he is scabby, and with
"sharp

"Bile he swells. A third wife is already married by Nerius."

That you may ask these things holily, in the river Tiber you
dip 15

Your head in the morning two or three times, and purge the
night with the stream.

Consider, mind, answer, (it is a small thing which I labour to
know,)

What think you of Jove? he is, that you would care to prefer
Him to any one? to whom? will you to Staius? what!—do
you doubt? 19

Who is the better judge? who the fittest for orphan children?
This, therefore, with which you try to persuade the ear of Jove,
Come, say it to Staius: O Jupiter! O good Jupiter! would he
cry:

And may not Jupiter cry out upon himself?

Do you think him to have forgiven, because, when he thunder,
the oak sooner

Is thrown down by the sacred sulphur, than both you, and your
house?

Or because, with the bowels of sheep, Ergenna commanding,
You do not lie a sad, and to-be-avoided bidental, in the groves,
Therefore does Jupiter offer you his foolish beard to pluck?

Or what is it? with what reward hast thou bought the ears
Of the Gods? with lungs, and with greasy entrails? 23

Lo! a grandmother, or an aunt fearing the gods, from the
cradle

Takes a boy, and his forehead and his wet lips,

With an infamous finger, and with purifying spittle, she before-
hand

Expiates, skilled to inhibit destructive eyes.

Then shakes him in her hands, and her slender hope, with
suppliant wish, 25

She now sends into the fields of Licinius, now into the houses
of Crassus.

"May a king and queen wish this boy their son-in-law; "may
"the girls

"Seize him; whatever he shall have trodden upon, may it
"become a rose!

But to a nurse I do not commit prayer: deny,

O Jupiter, these to her, tho' cloth'd in white she should ask. 29

You ask strength for your nerves, and a body faithful to
old age:

Be it so—go on: but great dishes, and fat sausages,

Have forbidden the gods to assent to these, and hinder Jove.

You wish heartily to raise a fortune, an ox being slain, and
Mercury

You invite with inwards—"grant the household gods to make
"me prosperous!"⁴⁵

"Give cattle, and offspring to my flock!"—Wretch, by what
means,

When the cauls of so many young heifers can melt for you in
flames?

And yet this man to prevail with bowels, and with a rich
pudding

Intends: "How the field increases, now the sheep-fold—

"Now it shall be given, now presently:" till deceived, and
hopeless,⁵⁰

In vain the nummus will sigh in the lowest bottom.

If to thee cups of silver, and gifts wrought with rich gold

I should bring, you would sweat, and from your left breast

Shake out drops—your over-trembling heart would rejoice.

Hence that takes place, that with gold carried in triumph you

Overlay the sacred faces. For, among the brazen brothers,⁵⁵

Let those who send dreams most purged from phlegm

Be the chief, and let them have a golden beard.

Gold has driven away the vessels of Numa, and the Satri-
nian brass,

And changes the vestal urns, and the Tuscan earthen-ware.⁶⁰

O souls bowed to the earth—and void of heavenly things!

What doth this avail, to place our manners in the temples,

And to esteem things good to the gods out of this wicked
pulp?

This dissolves for itself Cassia in corrupted oil,

And hath boiled the Calabrian fleece in vitiated purple.⁶⁵

This has commanded to scrape the pearl of a shell, and to draw
the veins

Of the fervent mass from the crude dust.

This also sins, it sins: yet uses vice. But ye,

O ye priests, say what gold does in sacred things?

Truly this, which dolls given by a virgin to Venus.⁷⁰

But let us give that to the gods, which, to give from a great
dish,

The blear-eyed race of great Messala could not—

What is just and right disposed within the soul, and the sacred
recesses

Of the mind, and a breast imbrued with generous honesty—

These give me, that I may bring to the temples, and I will
sacrifice with meal.⁷⁵

SATIRE III.

ARGUMENT.

Persius in this Satire, in the person of a Stoic preceptor, upbraids the young men with sloth, and with neglect of the study of philosophy. He shews the sad consequences which will attend them throughout life, if they do not apply themselves early to the knowledge of virtue.

The title of this Satire, in some ancient manuscripts, was, "The Reproach of Idleness;" though in others it is inscribed, "Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich;"—in both of which the poet pursues his intention, but principally in the former.

"WHAT—these things constantly? Already the clear morning
"enters

"The windows, and extends with light the narrow chinks.

"We snore, what to digest untamed Falernan

"Might suffice: the line is already touched with the fifth
shadow

"Lo! what do you? the mad dog-star the dry harvests 5

"Long since is ripening, and all the flock is under the "spread-
"ing elm."

Says one of the fellow-students—"It is true? It is so? Quick
"let somebody

"Come hither—Is there nobody?"—vitreous bile swells.

"I am split;"—"that you'd believe the cattle of Arcadia to bray."

Now a book, and two-coloured parchment, the hairs being laid
aside, 10

And there comes into his hand paper, and a knotty reed.

Then he complains that a thick moisture hangs from the pen:

That the black cuttle-fish vanishes with water infused:

He complains that the pipe doubles the diluted drops. 14

"O wretch! and every day more a wretch! to this pass

"Are we come? but why do you not rather, like the tender
dove,

"And like the children of nobles, require to eat pap,

"And angry at the nurse, refuse her to sing lullaby?"—

"Can I study with such a pen?" "Whom dost thou deceive?"

"Why those

"Shifts do you repeat? 'Tis you are beguiled: thoughtless

"you run out.

"You'll be despised. A pot, the clay being green, not baked,
" answers

"Badly, being struck, it sounds its fault.

"You are wet and soft clay; now, now you are to be hasten'd

"And to be formed incessantly with a brisk wheel. But in
" your paternal estate

"You have a moderate quantity of corn, and a salt-cellar
" pure and without spot. 25

"What can you fear? and you have a dish a secure worshipper
" of the hearth."

"Is this enough? Or may it become you to break your lungs
" with wind,

"Because you, a thousandth, derive a branch from a Tuscan
" stock?

"Or because robed you salute the censor (as) yours?—

"Trappings to the people—I know you intimately and tho-
" roughly. 30

"Does it not shame you to live after the manner of dissolute
" Natta?

"But he is stupified with vice, rich fat hath increased in his .

"Inwards: he is not to blame: he knows not what he may
" lose, and with the deep

"Overwhelmed, he does not bubble again at the top of the wa-
" ter."

Great father of gods! will not to punish cruel 35

Tyrants by any other way, when fell desire

Shall stir their disposition, imbued with fervent poison;

Let them see virtue, and let them pine away, it being left.

Did the brass of the Sicilian bullock groan more,

Or the sword hanging from the golden ceiling, did it 40

More affright the purple neck underneath; I go,

"I go headlong," (than if any one should say to himself,) and,
within

Unhappy, should turn pale at what his nearest wife must be
ignorant of?

I remember, that I, a little boy, often besmear'd my eyes
with oil,

If I was unwilling to learn the great words of dying 45

Cato, much to be praised by my insane master;

Which my father would hear sweating, with the friends he
brought:

With reason; for it was the height of my wish to know what

The lucky sice would bring, how much the mischievous ace

Would scrape off—not to be deceived by the neck of the narrow
jar— 50

Nor that any one should whirl more skilfully the top with a scourge.

It is not a thing unexperienced to you, to discover crooked morals,

And the things which the wise portico, daub'd over with the trowser'd Medes,

Teaches, which the sleepless and shorn youth

Watch over, fed with bean-pods and a great pudding : 55

And to thee, the letter, which hath serv'd the Samian branches, Hath shewn the path rising with the right-hand limit.

Do you still snore? and does your lax head, with loosen'd joining,

Yawn from what happen'd yesterday, with cheeks unsew'd in all parts?

Is there any thing whither you tend? and to what do you direct your bow? 60

Or do you follow crows up and down with a potsherd and mud, Careless whither your foot may carry you; and do you live from the time?

In vain hellebore, when now the sickly skin shall swell, You may see people asking for. Prevent the coming disease; And what need is there to promise great mountains to Craterus? 65

Learn, O miserable creatures, and know the causes of things, What we are, and what we are engender'd to live: what order Is given, and by what way the turning of the goal, and of the water, may be easy:

What measure to money—what it is right to wish—what rough Money has that is useful. To our country, and to dear relations, 70

How much it may become to give: whom the Deity commanded Thee to be, and in what part thou art placed in the human system—

Learn:—nor be envious, that many a jar stinks

In a rich store, the fat Umbrians being defended,

And pepper, and gammons of bacon, the monuments of a Marsian client, 75

And because the pilchard has not yet failed from the first jar.

Here some one of the stinking race of centurions,

May say; "What I know is enough for me. I don't care

"To be what Arcesilas was, and the wretched Solons,

"With the head awry, and fixing the eyes on the ground, 80

"When murmurs with themselves, and mad silence they are "gnawing,

"And words are weighed with a stretch'd-out lip,

"Meditating the dreams of an old sick man—that *nothing can*

"Be produced from nothing, nothing can be return'd into nothing.

"Is this what you study? Is it this why one should not dine?" ⁸⁵

The people laugh at this, and much the brawny youth
Redoubles the tremulous loud laughs with wrinkling nose.

"Inspect: I know not why my breast trembles, and from my
"sick

"Jaws heavy breath abounds: inspect, I pray you"—

Who says to a physician;—being order'd to rest—after ⁹⁰

A third night hath seen his veins to run composed,

From a greater house, in a flagon moderately thirsting,

He has asked for himself, about to bathe, mild Surrentine.

"Ho! good man, you are pale." "It is nothing." "But have

"an eye to it,

"Whatever it is: your yellow skin silently rises."— ⁹⁵

"But you are pale—worse than I—don't be a tutor to me,

"I have long since buried him, do you remain?"—"Go on—

"I'll be silent."

He, turgid with dainties, and with a white belly is bathed,

His throat slowly exhaling sulphureous stench:

But a trembling comes on whilst at his wine, and the warm
"triental ¹⁰⁰

He shakes out of his hands; his uncover'd teeth crashed,

Then the greasy soups fall from his loose lips:

Hence the trumpet, the candles; and, at last, this happy fellow,
on an high

Bed laid, and daubed over with thick ointments,

Extends his rigid heels towards the door: but him ¹⁰⁵

The hesternal Romans, with cover'd head, sustained.

"Touch, wretch, my veins, and put your right hand on my breast:

"Nothing is hot here: and touch the extremes of my feet and
"hands:

"They are not cold."—"If haply money be seen, or

"The fair girl of your neighbour smile gently, ¹¹⁰

"Does your heart leap aright?—there is placed in a cold dish

"An hard cabbage, and flour shaken thro' the sieve of the people:

"Let us try your jaws: a putrid ulcer lies hid in your tender
"mouth,

"Which it would be hardly becoming to scratch with a plebeian
"beet.

"You are cold, when white fear has rous'd the bristles on
"your limbs: ¹¹⁵

"Now, with a torch put under, your blood grows hot, and with
"anger

"Your eyes sparkle, and you do and say, what Orestes himself,

"Not in his sound mind, would swear was not the part of a
"man in his right senses."

SATIRE IV.

ARGUMENT.

The sting of this Satire is particularly aimed at Nero; but the Poet has been cautious, and therefore has written it under the notion of Socrates admonishing his pupil, young Alcibiades: under this fiction he attacks Nero's unfitness to manage the reins of government, his lust, his cruelty, his drunkenness, his luxury and effeminacy. He also reprehends the flattery of Nero's courtiers, who endeavoured to make his vices pass for virtues. It may be supposed, that our poet might mean to represent Seneca, Nero's tutor, under the character of Socrates, the tutor of young Alcibiades; and Nero, Seneca's pupil, under the character of Alcibiades. Persius has, in this Satire, almost transcribed Plato's first Alcibiades. See Spectator, No. 207.

Do you manage the bus'ness of the people? (think the bearded
master

To say these things, whom the dire portion of hemlock took off.)
Upon what relying? tell this, O pupil of great Pericles.

To be sure, genius, and quick foresight of things,
Come before hairs: you know well what is to be spoken, and
what kept in silence.

Therefore when the lower sort of people grow warm with stirr'd
bile,

Your mind carries you to have made silence to the warm crowd,
With the majesty of your hand: what then will you speak?

"Romans,

"This, I think, is not just; that is badly—that more right."

For you know how to suspend what is just, in the double scale
Of the doubtful balance; you discern what is straight when
between

Crooked things it comes, or when a rule deceives with a wry
foot;

And you are able to fix the black theta to vice.

But do you therefore (in vain beautiful in your outward skin)
Before the day, to boast your tail to the fawning rabble

Leave off, more fit to drink up the pure Anticyræ?

"What is your sum of good?"—"To have always lived with a
"delicious

"Dish, and the skin taken care of in the continual sun."—

"Stay: this old woman would hardly answer otherwise.—Go
"now—

"I am of Dinomache:"—"puff up:"—"I am handsome:"—"be
"it so: 20

"Since ragged Baucis is not less wise than you,

"When she has well cried herbs to a slovenly slave."

How nobody tries to descend into himself! nobody:

But the wallet on the preceding back is looked at.—

You may be asked—"Do you know the farms of Vectidius?"

"Whose?" 26

"Rich he ploughs at Cures as much as a kite cannot fly over."

"Him do you say?—him, with angry gods, and an unlucky
"genius,

"Who, whensoever he fixes a yoke at the beaten cross-ways,

"Fearing to scrape off the old clay of a vessel,

"Groans"—"May this be well!" "champing, with salt, a
"coated 30

"Onion, and the servants applauding a mess of pottage,

"Sups up the mothery dregs of dying vinegar."—

"But if anointed you can loiter, and fix the sun in your skin,

"There is nigh you one unknown, who may touch with the
"elbow, and sharply 35

"Spit down on your manners: who by vile arts

"Are making your body smooth and delicate.

"When you can comb a long anointed beard

"On your cheeks, why are you shorn elsewhere?

"When, after all the pains that can be taken,

"Tho' assisted, in the depilation of your person, by 40

"Five strong wrestlers, you can never succeed.

"We lash, and in our turn we expose our legs to arrows.

"Thus we live—thus we know—under your bowels

"You have a blind wound: but a belt with broad gold

"Covers it: as you please, cheat—and deceive your nerves, 45

"If you can."—"When the neighbourhood says I am excellent,

"Shall I not believe it?"—"If money being seen, O wicked
"man, you are pale—

"If you do whatever your lust prompts you to—

"If, cautious, you scourge the puteal with many a wale,

"In vain shall you give your soaking ears to the rabble. 50

"Reject what you are not—Let the cobbler take away his gifts:

"Dwell with yourself, and you will know how short your house-
"hold stuff is."

SATIRE V.

ARGUMENT.

This Satire is justly esteemed the best of the six.—It consists of three parts: in the first of which the poet highly praises Annæus Cornutus, who had been his preceptor, and recommends other young men to his care.—In the second part, he blames the idleness and sloth of young men, and exhorts them to follow after the liberty and enfranchisement of the mind.—Thirdly, he shews wherein true liberty consists, and asserts that doctrine of the Stoics, that “a wise man “only is free;” and that a slavery to vice is the most miserable of all.

The Satire begins in the form of a dialogue between Persius and Cornutus.

Persius. THIS is a custom with poets, to ask for themselves an hundred voices,

And to wish for an hundred mouths, and an hundred tongues for their verses:

Whether a fable be proposed to be bawled out by the sad tragedian;

Or the wounds of a Parthian drawing the sword from his groin.

Cornutus. Wherefore these things? or how great pieces of robust verse

Dost thou thrust in, that it should be meet to strive with an hundred throats?

Let those who are about to speak something great, gather clouds in Helicon,

If to any either the pot of Progne, or if to any that of Thyestes Shall be hot, often to be supped on by foolish Glycon.

Thou neither, while the mass is heated in the furnace, 10

Presest the wind with breathing bellows; nor hoarse, with close murmur, [thyself:

Foolishly croakest I know not what weighty matter with

Nor intendest to break thy tumid cheek with a puff.

You follow the words of the gown, cunning in sharp composition,

Smooth with moderate language, to lash vicious manners 15

Skilled, and to mark a crime with ingenuous sport.

Hence draw what you may say: and leave the tables at Mycenæ,

With the head and feet, and know plebeian dinners.

Pers. I do not indeed desire this, that with empty trifles my
Page should swell, fit to give weight to smoke. 20
Secret we speak: to you now, the Muse exhorting,
I give my heart to be searched, and now a great part
Of my soul, Cornutus, is yours, to you, my gentle friend,
It pleases me to have shewn; knock careful to discern 24
What may sound solid, and the coverings of a painted tongue.
For these things I would dare to require an hundred voices,
That, how much I fixed you, in my inmost breast,
I may draw forth with pure voice; and all this, words may
unseal.

Which lies hid, not to be told, in my secret inwards.

When first to fearful me the guardian purple yielded, 30
And the bulla presented to the girth Lares hung up;
When kind companions, and, with impunity, in the whole
Subarra.

Now the white shield permitted me to have thrown about my
eyes,

And when the journey is doubtful, and error, ignorant of life,
Parts asunder trembling minds into the branching cross-ways,
I put myself under you: you undertake my tender years,
Cornutus, with Socratic bosom. Then, dexterous to deceive,
The applied rule rectifies my depraved morals,
And my mind is pressed by reason, and labours to be overcome,
And draws, under your thumb, an artificial countenance. 40
For I remember to consume with you long suns,
And with you to pluck the first nights from feast.
One work and rest we both disposed together,
And relax serious things with a modest table.

Do not indeed doubt this, that, in a certain agreement, 45
The days of both consent, and are derived from one star.
Fate, tenacious of truth, either suspended our times
With equal Libra; or the hour, framed for the faithful,
Divides to the twins the concordant fates of both;
And we together break grievous Saturn with our Jupiter. 50
I know not what star it is certainly which tempers me with you.

There are a thousand species of men, and a different use of
things:

Every one has his will, nor do they live with one wish.
This man, for Italian merchandizes under the recent sun,
Changes the wrinkled pepper, and grains of pale cumin: 55
Another, sated, had rather swell up with moist sleep:
Another indulges in the field; another the die consumes; an-
other

Is rotten for Venus: but when the stony gout

Has broken his joints, the branches of the old beech,
Then, that their gross days have passed away, and the gloomy
light,

And they have late bewailed the life now left to them.

But it delights you to grow pale with nightly papers,
For a cultivator of youths, you sow their purged ears
With Cleanthean corn. Hence seek, ye young and old,
A certain end to the mind, and stores for miserable grey
hairs.

"To-morrow this shall be done"—"the same will be done
"to-morrow"—"what!

"As a great thing truly do you give a day?"—"but when
"another day comes,

"We have already spent yesterday's to-morrow. Behold an-
other to-morrow,

"Has spent these years, and will always be a little beyond :

"For altho' near you, altho' under one beam,

"You will in vain follow the felly turning itself,

"When you, the hinder wheel, do run, and on the second axle.

There is need of liberty : not this, by which every Publius in
the Velinan tribe,

As soon as he has been discharged, mouldy corn with his tally
Possesses. Alas! ye barren of truth—among whom one turn
Makes a Roman! here is a Dama, a groom not worth three far-
things;

A scoundrel, and blear-eyed, and a liar in a little corn ;

If his master turn him—in the movement of a top, he comes
forth

Marcus Dama. Wonderful! Marcus being security, refuse you
To lend money? Are you pale under judge Marcus?

Marcus said it—it is so.—Sign, Marcus, the tablets.

This is mere liberty—this caps give us.

"Is there any other free, unless he who may live

"As he likes?—I may live as I like; am not I

"More free than Brutus?"—"You conclude falsely," says

A Stoic here, having washed his ear with sharp vinegar ;

"I accept this which is left, take away that—"I may," and
"as I will."

"After I withdrew from the prætor, my own by the wand,

"Why might I not do whatever my will commanded,

"Except if the rubric of Masurius forbade any thing?"

"Learn : but let anger fall from your nose, and the wrinkling
"sneer,

"While I pluck from your breast your old wives' tales.

"It was hot of the prætor to give the delicate management of
"things

"To fools, and to permit the use of rapid life—

"You would sooner fit a dulcimer to a tall footman. 95

"Reason stands against it, and whispers into the secret ear,"

"Let it not be lawful to do that, which one will spoil in doing."—

"The public law of men, and nature, contains this right,

"That weak ignorance should forbear forbidden acts.

"Do you dilute hellebore, not knowing how to confine, to a 100

"Certain point, the balance? the nature of healing forbids this.

"If the high-shoed ploughman should require a ship for

"Himself, ignorant of Lucifer, Melicerta exclaims, that shame

"Has perish'd from things.—To live with an upright ancle

"Has art given you? Are you skilful to distinguish the appearance of truth, 105

"Lest any should tinkle false with gold having brass under it?

"And what things are to be followed, and, in like manner, what avoided?

"Have you first mark'd those with chalk, then these with a coal?

"Are you moderate of wish—with a confined household—kind to your friends?—

"Can you sometimes fasten, and sometimes open your granaries? 110

"And can you pass by money fixed in mud,

"Nor swallow with your gullet mercurial spittle?

"When you can truly say, these are mine, I possess them—be thou

"Free and wise, the prætors and Jupiter propitious.

"But if you, since you were a little before of our meal, 115

"Retain your old skin, and, polished in front,

"Keep a cunning fox under your vapid breast:

"What I had above given I demand again, and bring back the rope.

"Reason has granted you nothing; put forth your finger, you sin

"And what is so small? but you will obtain, by no incense, 120

"That a small, half ounce of right should be fixed in fools.

"To mix these is impossibility: nor, when as to other things you are a digger,

"Can you be moved to three measures only of the satyr Bathyllus."

"I am free."—"Whence take you this for granted, subjected by so many things?

"Are you ignorant of a master, unless he whom the wand relaxes? 125

- "Go, slave, and carry the scrapers to the baths of Crispinus,"
 "If he has sounded forth—do you loiter trifler?" "Sharp
 "Servitude impels thee nothing, nor does any thing enter from
 "without
 "Which may agitate your nerves. But if within, and in a
 "sick liver
 "Masters are produced, how go you forth more unpunished, ¹³⁰
 "Than he, whom the scourge, and fear of his master, has driven
 "to the scrapers?
 "In the morning, slothful, you snore: "Rise," says Avarice,
 "Rise."—You refuse—he urges—"Rise," says he.—"I cannot.
 —"Rise."
 "And what shall I do?" do you ask?—"Bring fish from
 "Pontus,
 "Castor, flax, ebony, frankincense, and slippery Coan wines:
 "Take first the recent pepper from the thirsting camel; ¹³⁶
 "Turn something; swear."—"But Jupiter will hear."—Alas!
 "Simpleton, to bore with your finger the re-tasted salt cellar,
 "Content you will pass your time, if you aim to live with
 "Jove.
 "Now, ready, you fit the skin to the slaves, and wine-ves-
 "sel: ¹⁴⁰
 "Quick to the ship; nothing hinders, but in a large ship
 "You may hurry over the Ægean: unless sly Luxury should
 "Admonish you before seduced"—"Whither thence, madman,
 "do you rush?
 "Whither? what would you have? under your warm breast
 "manly bile
 "Has swelled up, which an urn of hemlock could not have ex-
 "tinguished. ¹⁴⁵
 "Can you cross the sea? to thee shall there be a supper on a
 "bench
 "Propp'd with twisted hemp; and red Veientane wine
 "Shall the broad-bottomed jug exhale, hurt with nasty pitch?
 "What seek you? that money, which here with modest five per
 "cent.
 "You had nourished, should go on to sweat greedy cent. per ¹⁵⁰
 "cent.?
 "Indulge your genius—let us pluck sweets—It is mine
 "That you live: you will become ashes, and a ghost, and a
 "fable.
 "LIVE MINDFUL OF DEATH; THE HOUR FLIES: this, which I speak
 "is from thence."
 "Lo, what do you? you are divided different ways with a
 "double hook.

- " This do you follow, or this ? By turns it behooves that you
" go under,
" With doubtful obsequiousness, your masters : by turns, you
" may wander.
" Nor can you, when once you have withstood, and have refus-
" ed to obey
" An instant command, say ' I now have broken my bonds.'
" For also a dog, having struggled, breaks the knot : but to him,
" When he flies, a long part of the chain is drawn by his neck.
" Davus, quickly (I command that this you believe) to finish
" griefs 161
" Past I meditate ; (Chærestratus, his raw nail
" Gnawing, says these words) shall I, a disgrace, oppose my
" sober
" Relations ? Shall I my paternal estate, with an ill report,
" Spend at an obscene threshold, while, before the wet doors
" Of Chrysis, drunken I sing with an extinguished torch ?"—
" Well done, boy, be wise ; to the repelling gods a lamb
" Smite :"—" But think you, Davus, she will weep, being left ?"
" You trifle—you will, boy, be children with a red slipper,
" Lest you should have a mind to struggle, and bite the tight
" toils : 170
" Now fierce and violent ; but, if she should call, without delay
" you would say—
" What therefore shall I do ? now, when she can send for me
" and willingly
" Supplicate, shall I not go ?"—" If whole and entire from whence
" You had come forth, not now."—" This, this, this is he whom
" we seek,
" Not in the wand which the foolish licitor shakes. 175
" Has he the right of himself, whom gaping, with its lure,
" chalked
" Ambition leads ? Watch : and heap vetches largely on the
" Quarrelling people, that our feast of Flora sunny old men
" May remember : what more glorious ? but when
" The days of Herod have come, and in the greasy window 180
" The candles disposed, have vomited a fat cloud,
" Bearing violets ; and, having embraced a red dish,
" The tail of a tunny-fish swims, the white pitcher swells with
" wine ;
" Silent you move your lips, and fear circumcised sabbaths :
" Then black hobgoblins, and dangers from a broken egg : 185
" Hence huge priests of Cybele, and a one-eyed priestess with a
" sistrum,

"Have inculcated gods inflating bodies, if you have not
"Tasted, three times in the morning, an appointed head of gar-
"lick.

"If you say these things among the veiny centurions,
"Immediately huge Pulfenius rudely laughs, 190
"And cheapens an hundred Greeks at a clipped centussis."

SATIRE VI.

ARGUMENT.

Persius addresses this epistolary Satire to his friend Cæsius Bassus, a lyric poet. They both seem, as was usual with the studious among the Romans, in the beginning of winter, to have retired from Rome to their respective country-houses; Persius to his, at the port of Luna, in Liguria; Bassus to his, in the territories of the Sabines.

The Poet first enquires after his friend's manner of life and studies, then informs him of his own, and where he now is. He describes himself in his retirement, as quite undisquieted with regard to care or passions; and with respect to his expences, neither profuse nor parsimonious. He then treats on the true use of riches; and shews the folly of those who live sordidly themselves for the sake of leaving their riches to others.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS.

HAS winter already moved thee, Bassus, to thy Sabine fire-hearth?

Does now the lyre, and do the strings, live to thee with a rough quill?

Admirable artist; in numbers the beginnings of things
To have displayed, and the manly sound of the Latin lute;
Then to agitate young jokes, and with an honest thumb
To have played remarkable old men. To me now the Ligurian coast

Grows warm, and my sea is rough, where a large side
The rocks give, and the shore draws itself in with much valley,
"The port of Luna it is worth while to know, O citizens:"
The heart of Ennius commands this, after he ceas'd dreaming
that he was

Mæonides, the fifth from the Pythagorean peacock.

Here [am] I, careless of the vulgar, and what the south,
Unfortunate to the cattle, may prepare: and unconcerned because that corner

Is more fruitful than mine that's next to it: and if all,
Sprung from worse, should grow ever so rich, I should always
refuse,

On that account, to be diminish'd crooked with old age, or to
sup without dainty,

And to have touched with my nose the seal in the vapid cask.

Another may differ in these things ; twins, O Horoscope,
 " with a various
 Genius you produce. There is, who, only on his birth-day,
 Wily can dip his dry herbs in a cup with bought pickle, ²⁰
 Himself sprinkling on the dish sacred pepper. This a magna-
 nimous boy
 With his tooth dispatches a great estate.—I will use, I will use :
 Not therefore splendid to put turbot to my freedmen,
 Nor wise to know the small state of thrushes.
 Live up to your own harvest ; and your granaries (it is right)
 Grind out. What can you fear ?—Harrow—and another crop
 is in the blade.
 " But duty calls. With broken ship, the Bruttian rocks
 " A poor friend takes hold of, and all his substance, and his un-
 " heard vows
 " He was buried in the Ionian ; himself lies on the shore, and
 " together [with him]
 " The great gods from the stern ; and now obvious to the sea-
 " gulls ³⁰
 " Are the sides of the torn ship."—Now even from the live turf
 Break something ; bestow it on the poor man, lest he should
 wander about
 Painted in a cærulean table. " But your funeral supper your
 " heir
 " Will neglect, angry that you have diminished your substance ;
 " To the urn
 " He will give my unperfumed bones : whether cinnamons may
 " breathe insipidly, ³⁵
 " Or casias offend with cherry-gum, prepared to be ignorant.
 " Safe can you diminish your goods ?"—But Bestius urges
 The Grecian teachers : " So it is, after to the city,
 " With pepper and dates, came this our wisdom void of manli-
 " ness
 " The mowers have vitiated their puddings with thick oil." ⁴⁰
 " Do you fear these things beyond your ashes ?—But thou
 " my heir,
 " Whoever thou shalt be, a little more retired from the crowd
 " hear.
 " O good man, are you ignorant ? A laurel is sent from Cæsar
 " On account of the famous slaughter of the German youth, and
 " from the altars
 " The cold ashes are shaken off ; and now, to the posts, arms, ⁴⁵
 " Now the garments of kings, now sorry mantles on the captives
 " And chariots, and huge Germans, Cæsonia places.
 " To the gods, therefore, and to the genius of the general, an

"hundred pair,
 "On account of things eminently achieved, I produce: Who
 "forbids?—Dare—
 "Woe! unless you connive—Oil and pasties to the people ⁵⁰
 "I bestow; do you hinder?—speak plainly."—"Your field hard
 "by,
 "Say you, is not so fertile—Go to, if none to me
 "Now were left of my aunts, no cousin-german, no niece's
 "daughter
 "Remains; the aunt of my uncle has lived barren, ⁵⁴
 "And nothing remains from my grandmother: I go to Bovillæ,
 "And to the hill of Virbius; Manius is ready at hand to be my
 "heir"—
 "An offspring of earth"—"Inquire of me, who my fourth father
 "May be, I should nevertheless not readily say. Add also one,
 "Again one; he is now a son of earth: and to me, by the course
 "Of kindred, this Manius comes forth almost my great uncle.
 "You who are before, why do you require from me the torch in
 "the race? ⁶¹
 "I am to thee Mercury: I a god come hither, as he
 "Is painted. Do you refuse?—Will you rejoice in what is left?
 "There is wanting something of the sum:" "I have diminish-
 "ed it for myself,
 "But you have the whole, whatever that is; avoid to ask where
 "that is which ⁶⁵
 "Tadæus formerly left me, nor lay down paternal sayings—
 "Let the gains of usury accede; hence take out your expence.
 "What is the residue?"—"residue!—Now—now—more ex-
 "pensively anoint,
 "Anoint, oy, the pot-herbs. Shall there be for me on a festi-
 "val-day boiled
 "A nettle, and a smoky hog's cheek with a cracked ear, ⁷⁰
 "That that grandson of yours should hereafter be stuff'd with
 "a geese's bowels,
 "When his forward humour shall long to gratify itself
 "With some lack of quality? Shall a woof of a figure
 "Be left to me, but to him shall a gluttonous belly tremble
 "with caul?—
 "Sell your life for gain; buy, and cunning, search ⁷⁵
 "Every side of the world: let not others exceed you
 "In applauding for the Cappadocians in a rigid cage.
 "Double your estate."—"I have done it:—Now threefold, now
 "to me the fourth time,
 "Now ten times it returns into a fold; mark down where I
 shall stop,
 "O Chrysippus, the found finisher of your own heap." ⁸⁰

DATE DUE

~~APR 14 1988~~

~~JUN 15 1973~~

JUN 15 1988

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

PA6447 .E5M17
Juvenal and Persius

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 00073 2604